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No. 370

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"There's a poor, lone man in the moon above,"
A maiden sung, by her lattice bar,
As she dreamed her happy dream of love,
Under the moon and the vesper star.
"I pity him, for he lives alone,
Year in, year out, and my Jamie says,
That the saddest fate that was ever known
Is a lonely life through earth's long ways.

Oh, man in the moon, when you see us stand
Here by the gate in the still, sweet night,
And Jamie whispers and holds my hand.
Perhaps you laugh, poor man, at the sight.
But I know you envy my lover then,
All alone in your world up there,
When you see the wooing of other men,
And never a maiden for you to care.

Man in the moon, you laugh at me;
Little I care, for my Jamie's near.
Men that are under the moon for me;
Jamie Is coming—is here, is here!
Oh, my Jamie, you tarried late:
I've been talking with some dear man.
Girls will flirt if their lovers wait.
Guess who the man was, if you can!

Man in the moon, you know full well, But keep the secret and never tell. But remember, Jamie, if you are late, I shall flirt with this man while I have to wait!

The Cretan Rover;

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER I. THE HAUNTED RUIN. There is a land amid a sable flood, Called Crete: fair, fruitful, Circled by the sea.
>
> COWPER'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

SLOWLY the sun went down beyond the mossy summits of the White Mountains that tower heavenward from the bosom of the fair, fruitful, sea-encircled isle of Crete—a land still dotted with the monuments of those who lived centuries agone, and whose deeds come down to us in legend and history—whose massive hills have shaken beneath the march of Roman soldiery, whose temples have echoed to the silvery-tongued orators of classic Greece, and whose fair hills and valleys are now trodden in triumph, by the haughty Turk, who has uprooted the cross of the Christian, and crowned every battlement with the crescent of the In-

With rosy tint the setting sun fell upon a grand old ruin that stood upon a high hill overhanging the sea, and every crumbling column, every tottering arch stood out in bold relief against the golden sky, casting lengthened shadows far out over the sleeping waters of the distribution of the sleeping waters of th

"A painted ship Upon a painted ocean."

Standing in the shadow of the ruin, and gazing wistfully out upon the waters, was a man of majestic, yet strange appearance.

His hair and beard were worn long and were iron-gray—his features bold, haughty and land—they say she has forgotten her child, tinged with sadness, while upon his face seembut they lie who tell me so—she will return, tinged with sadness, while upon his face seemed to hover a look of constant suffering whether mental or physical it was hard to

He was attired in the national costume of Crete-jacket and leggings of blue velvet, embroidered with silk, and upon his head wore a red fez, while at his side hung a scimitar of rare

For a long time he stood like a statue, his arms folded across his breast, his eyes fixed upon the distant sail, while the sun went down beyond the mountain range, and darkness crept slowly over land and sea.

Still he moved not, leaning against a broken column centuries old, his gaze still turned seaward, unmindful of the mournful sound of the sea fretting against the rocks, the wail of the rising wind, or the shriek of some night-bird from its covert in the inland forest of orangetrees beyond the hill.

Presently a reddish glare stole over the scene of wave, rocky shore and wild ruin, and far off over the sea appeared the moon, arising from its bed of waters, to keep vigil through the night, and flinging its silvery beams across the bosom of the Mediterranean, and penetrating the dark recesses of the massive, decaying tem-

Instantly the calm manner of the man his trembling hand toward the moon as if in the Turk.

Then his lips parted, and he said, in a tone

Yes, I am mad—mad to pray to the moon to bring her back to me; but why does the moon madden my brain like this—why does its

silvery light set my brain on fire? "I love the moon, for it gilds the earth and sea with beauty—no! I hate the moon, for it witnessed the dread scene enacted here, here it saw me fall before the attack of him in their flight from me, and there was no pity in its gaze as it beheld me lying bleeding swer



But the Turk, a master of his weapon, steadily forced the Cretan back to the shelter of a marble arch.

"I have grown gray since then, and my face is tracked with age and suffering; but see, the moon is just the same as then—its smiling as his lips parted, and upon his mouth beamed way, half in shadow, half in moonlight, was a weird-looking form—a woman, clad in a loose, the moon is just the same as then—its smiling as his lips parted, and upon his mouth beamed way, half in shadow, half in moonlight, was a weird-looking form—a woman, clad in a loose, the moon is just the same as then—its smiling while he said, in cold, cutting tones:

Turk?

For a moment the form was bent, the eyes drooping downward, and the man seemed overwhelmed with woe; but suddenly he glanced up again, and his arms once more outstretch-

"Ho! the moon! give me wings to fly over seek her-ay, and take her back to my heart idly rocking upon the waves, and in the sunset that I may find him and stain my scimitar with his life's blood.

'Ha! ha! ha! you will not grant my prayers—no, I see you smile calmly down upon my despair—you rejoice in the sorrows of thy slave, for I am thy slave—bound heart and brain in thy silvery fetters.

They say she is still with him in a foreign and the glorious moon will light her pathway over the sea-ha! see the moonlight falls upon vonder white sails -see! the vessel is coming in shore—aha! bright, glorious moon, you have guided her home-she comes! she comes

A glad light now swept over the sad, haggard face, and dropping upon his knees, his arms still pleadingly stretched before him, the man watched the coming vessel, which was standing rapidly shoreward.

"Whom seek you, old man?"
The voice, that suddenly broke the stillness

was cold and stern—the language that of the

It brought the madman quickly to his feet, and he beheld himself confronted by the form of one clad in the uniform of a Turkish officer. With arms folded upon his broad breast, his tall form erect and motionless, his dark, handsome face, calm and stern, the Turk gazed up on the man before him; thus the two stood for full a moment, the eyes of the Cretan glitter-ing with a deadly light, his form trembling, like a reed shaken by the wind.

At length the Cretan hissed forth between

"By the God of the Christian, Al Sirat! have you dared intrude here?

changed—his eyes flashed fire, his features worked convulsively, while he stretched forth are nence at home here." haughtily replied are nence at home here," haughtily replied

Curses on the sultan and his hirelings from my inmost heart I curse you, Al Sirat— hast witnessed the wicked triumph—ah—you, who stole from me the jewel of my heart, curses! Al Sirat—curses—Alfarida—I—Kathe sunshine of my life.

this very spot, where you left me struck down But I'll forgive you, accursed infidel

though you are, if you have brought her back to me—guilty though she be—speak! Al beneath this crumbling ruin, long years ago—
ay, it looked down upon that bitter struggle

Sirat! do you come here to restore to me the who one I love better than life-love, even though had wronged me—it lighted his path, and hers, she turned from the cross to wear the crescent --speak! accursed Turk-I await your an-

The milk-white teeth of the Turk glittered,

face is just as young, just as calm as then.

"Ah! curse the moon!—it drives me mad—ay, does it not, each month, launch forth upon the blue of heaven as a crescent, and to mine—she is no longer the star of my hanot the one of heaven as a crescent, and not the crescent the symbol of the hated urk?

"Ah! curse the moon!—no, no, no, I must "o hime—she is no longer the same to mime—she is no longer the same the same the same the same that you still love her; yet I ask a price for her,

"Name your price, Turk, and you shall

It is to exchange Alfarida for thy beau-fully convinced that he had been warned teous daughter Kaloolah-"

With the shriek of a madman El Estin threw grave. himself upon the Turk, who, by an exhibition the Mediterranean, dotted by a single sail—a the earth, oh! thou glorious moon, that I may then stood on the defensive, with scimitar

With his own weapon presented, El Estin pressed rapidly forward to the attack, and the two gleaming blades crossed with a ringing sound that sent many an echo through the

"Dog of a Turk! I will have your life," hissed the Cretan, and he attacked Al Sirat with wondrous strength and skill, for one whose gray hair and beard would denote a man in the decline of life.

Then the Turk's cruel tones were heard: "Fifteen years ago, El Estin, I left you for dead in this very ruin—this night your doom

"Ay, you left me for dead, aud you took from me her whom I loved better than life you brought sorrow, dishonor, and suffering upon me, and made me an old man before my -and for it, Al Sirat, you shall die, if I have strength and skill left in my arm to kill you," and the Cretan pressed his enemy with ncreased rigor.

But the Turk was a master of his weapon. and for a while acted wholly on the defensive, yet it would seem not from any feelings of mercy; but, after a while his manner changed. and he went to work with deadly intention, and steadily forced the Cretan back to the shelter of a marble arch.

Here El Estin stood at bay, and flerce indeed waged the combat; but with untiring energy the Turk pressed on, until, by a skillful vement, he struck down the blade of his foe, and thrust his own keen scimitar at the life of

With a half-cry of mingled pain and despair, the Cretan tottered forward, his scimitar falling from his nerveless grasp, and ringing clear "The sultan rules the land of Crete—Cre-ns are his slaves; El Estin—and his officers Then with outstretched arms toward the

moon, he cried in tones of anguish: "At last, by his hands I have met my death—and then, oh! cruel, smiling moon, thou hast witnessed the wicked triumph—ah—

"Yes, long years ago you did this foul wrong, and now you dare to come back to the earth, where he lay all limp and motion-With a heavy thud the wounded man fell to

With stern brow and triumphant smile, the Turk stood gazing down upon him-stood, as if in joyous reverie over his deed—then he started suddenly, for he seemed to feel rather than discover another presence near him.

A shadow swept before him, and his eyes al-

nost started from their sockets, his darkly-oronzed face became livid, and he seemed al-Before him, and standing in the ruined arch-

and was standing where the force of the gale chilled him to the heart.

For some moments he stood in gloomy sience, and then again his lips parted in low

Yes, it seems as though I must end my own life; I am almost starved now, and this wind is freezing my very heart.
"Better die at once than linger on here in

caused the Turk to obey.

dans had sought rest.

CHAPTER II.

for the hour was late, and all good Mahome

and whistled mournfully through the rigging

e lashed into foam-capped waves.

no fez, his form was guiltless of the cost

of the East, but instead, he wore the attire of

hat dripping wet, and the flerce rain pelting

him unmercifully and saturating his clothing

dered listlessly along, as though not knowing,

At length the wind swept more fiercely in

"Is this chance—or has my destiny led me

here to die?" he muttered, in pure English, as

He had reached the shores of the Bosphorus,

his face, and he shrunk visibly from its con-

tact, while he glanced nervously around him

he presented a pitiable sight indeed, as he war

or caring, whither he went.

his eyes swept over the scene.

With no cloak about his shoulders, his slouch

Without, the night was unusually severe

CONSTANTINOPLE, the metropolis of the land

agony for a day, or night, longer—no, no, no
—I could not endure another night like this am almost dead now-my will, not my trength, keeps me up.
"Yes, I will end my life here, here in these

dark waters, and may a just God, who knows my anguish, forgive me the deed. He will

pity me.
"'Found dead!—a man, supposed to be an

American, but name unknown'-will be all

that will be said of me.
"My God! that I should have come to this
—I, who was reared in luxury; who once had fond parents and loving sisters to care for me -I, who once won a name in my own land as a gallant soldier—to die thus, a vagabond in a foreign land—to die by my own act, is terrible—to die here in this Infidel land of the Turk -a sad ending to a life once bright and

"But I must not shrink now-there is no hope for me—here must be my grave." As the unhappy man spoke, he gazed un-shrinkingly down into the dark waters of the

Bosphorus, and said, in a voice that did not

"God in heaven! forgive my act—ha! what sound is that? "Hark! the noise of combat-"

With lightning speed the man bounded away in the direction from whence came the sounds that had so opportunely prevented his self-destruction—an instant later and the sound would have fallen upon ears forever dulled by death.

A short run brought him upon a scene of excitement. A man, in a heavy cloak, stood against a wall, and with drawn scimitar was defending himself from the attack of four burly Turks, who were pressing him hard.

At his feet lay the motionless form of one of his assailants; but those who remained were evidently seeking his life, for one of them was just raising a long pistol to shoot him down, when the weapon was suddenly snatched from his hand, and fell with a beavy blow upon his head, crushing in the skull.

It was the intended suicide who had dealt the blow, and having come to the rescue he bounded into the midst of the melee, whirling in his hand the blade of the man he had slain. Striking up the weapons of the Turks, with a skill that proved himself a master at fence, he confronted them with bold mien and determined daring.

But, discomfited by the fall of two of their number, the Turks seemed in no mood to continue the struggle, and at once beat a hasty retreat around the nearest corner.

"You have done me good service, sir, and I would not have you suffer on my account—so follow me," said the rescued man, grasping the hand of his preserver, and drawing him quick— Adown her back, and upon her shoulders, hung masses of inky hair, while one arm was

ly away from the scene.
"Why should we fly—I but aided you against a band of cutthroats?" coolly replied stretched out, the finger pointing directly to-ward the heart of the Turk. "Accursed Turk—go!" the young man, speaking in French, the language in which he had been addressed."

ad a determined ring that at once -these men whom we have slain are secret soldiers of the sultan-they attacked me for a purpose I cannot explain With a cry of commingled fear and horror, he turned and fled swiftly from the scene, come, the alarm is given, and we must away would we save our lives. away from the ruin by a spirit from the

Without awaiting a reply the man again drew his preserver onward, hurrying along in the direction of the water.

Halting at the shore he gave a low whistle. and immediately after, out on the dark waters. was visible an approaching boat, in which were the forms of half a dozen men.

of the Turk, the link that binds Europe with the past of centuries agone, lay in deep repose, "Enter, sir-quick, please," said the stranger, as the boat touched the shore, and the sounds of pursuit were heard behind them. Involuntarily the young man sprung into the boat—his companion followed quickly, and a low word of command sent the little craft

and a rain-storm skurried along the deserted streets, the winds howled along the house-tops, flying away over the dark waters. "Pull with a will, men; I have left that beof the numerous vessels lying at anchor in the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, whose waters hind me which would cost me my life were I

The young man glanced quickly up-his strange companion had addressed his men in The hum of busy life had died away, the rumble of wheels had ceased, and only the the Greek tongue—then he observed how silently the boat sped over the waters—the oars Turkish guard patroled the lonely thoroughwere muffled-evidently there was some mysfares, or shrunk, shivering and miserable, into some friendly shelter under the lee of a house. tery at the bottom of all this.

Yet there was one wayfarer, indifferently Yet he felt indifferent to consequences—his facing the storm, and breathing the icy breath intention to end his life had merely been postponed—the scene in which he had been engagof the gale, as he strode slowly down a deserted street, his shadow, cast by the flickering ed was almost forgotten in his own gloomy lamps, dancing about like some giant demon of

Who, or what was his strange companion he He was strangely clad for that oriental city of the Turk, for his head was covered by cared little—he was just then drifting with the tide of circumstances which must eventually bear him back to misery.

Seeing that his companion shrunk from the old blast that swept over the water, the commander of the boat drew from the locket a heavy robe and threw it around him, saying

"This is a bitter night to be out without neavy clothing-you should have worn your

'All that I possess in the world I have on The grim tone of the young man struck his

companion strangely, and he glanced search-ngly into his face, while he said: Then life has been unkind to you, it would seem? but here we are, and by force of circumstances I must make you my guest.

As he spoke the boat ran under the lee of a large schooner, lying at anchor, but restlessly igging at the cable, as though anxious to be

"Come -I will soon make you comfortable," and taking the arm of the young man, the stranger led him on board the vessel, and down into the brightly-lighted cabin, where the rays of the swinging lamp fell upon the faces of

Each man at once glanced quickly into the

ace of the other-and each was struck with what he there saw. The one was a man of splendid physique, graceful in carriage, and attired in a thread-

are suit of clothes. His face was pale, haggard, yet strangely

handsome, and one who had seen much of the world, and meeting him in any land, would at once have pronounced him an American—a man who had seen better days in the bygone.

Though shrunk up with cold, dripping wet, and poverty-clad, he was every inch the gentleman, while his dark eyes, though sunken, were full of fire, and his face noble, though pinched with suffering, which caused him to look thirty-five, when his age was really ten years

The other was a man with darkly-browned face, dark hair and beard, both worn long, and a form of medium size, yet denoting strength and activity of no common order.

He had a bold, determined look, his eyes were black and ever restless, and his move ments quick and decided.

Throwing aside his cloak the act displayed his Greek attire, while at his belt hung a glittering scimitar.

Having quickly scanned the face of his companion, he raised the fez cap from his head, and then threw aside a wig and a false beard, the act leaving his face shaded by only a long mustache and short brown curls clustering about his temples.

You see I trust you, sir," he said, in pleasant tones, and then he continued:
"You are welcome on board my vesselwhich but for you would now be without a

"What circumstances caused you to be alone and friendless in this land of the Turk I will not inquire into; you saved my life, and I am

now ready to aid you.' The young man made no reply, and his companion continued:

'If I mistake not you are an American and, as such, can hold no sympathy with the Infidel Turk—you have yourself confessed to your poverty, so pardon me if I say that I can make you an offer of lucrative employmentthat is, if you are willing to join me in an enterprise of desperate danger

In what service, captain?" "In one of honor, I pledge you my word. Are you afraid to risk your life?" No-when I went to your rescue I was go-

ing_"
"Where?"

" To death." "Good God! do you mean what you say?" cried the seaman, impressed by the manner of

the other. Yes-you saved my life-for, to aid you, I turned away from my intention to end my misery in the dark waters of the Bosphorus,"

"I will not ask you what has brought you to this—I feel that it was not by dishonor; thank God we met as we did," and the seaman extended his band, while he spoke in perfect English, and continued:

I need just such a man as you to aid mewill you go with me?" Whither?"

"Does a man who was going to take his own life fear to follow where another man dare

"No-I will go; but why, if your employment is one of honor, do I find you in disguise and at war with the soldiers of the sultan?"

'Because I am a hunted man—because I have drawn my sword in defense of the cross against the crescent of the Turk-because I ould see the fair isle of Crete free from the rule of the sultan-

"You have said enough-I am with you heart and hand-poor Crete has all of my sympathy in its present struggle.

Circumstances over which I held no con trol made me a wanderer in a foreign land, and despair nearly drove me to my death.

The Cretan held forth his hand, which the American warmly grasped, and thus was seal-ed a friendship between those two so strangely met-the one in the service of a once mighty people, and whose greatness lay buried beneath the ruined temples of their forefathersthe other a son of a new nation, another world, as it were, whose bark of state, launched but a go, was to sail over the same stormy seas that had wrecked Rome, Greece and the other mighty governments of antiquity.

CHAPTER III. THE EXILE'S STORY.

WITH the morning sun the storm died away and the Bosphorus was no longer swept into restless motion by the chafing wind that had skurried across the waters during the hours of

From the town, as the sunlight gilded the domes, minarets and pinnacles of the oriental city of Constantinople, came the hum of busy life, for the world of Mohammedanism was awake once more to the cares and pleasures of

No longer tugging restlessly at her anchors, the schooner, which had so strangely become the haven of refuge to the intended cide of the night before, lay calmly upon the clear waters, her sails closely furled, her crew silently moving about the decks, and all presenting a scene of complete repose.

Yet there was something ominous, almost in the quietude on board the vessel, which by the light of day proved to be a large yacht, apparently built for both speed and sea-going

Her hull was exceedingly long, lean and crouched low in the water amidships, while both the stern and bow were considerably ele-

Excepting two bands or belts, of blue and white, running around the bulwarks, the hull was painted jet black, while in strange contrast, the masts and spars were snow-white.

The masts were slender, very tall, and raked saucily, while a needle-like bowsprit pro-jected far out over the waters, sheltering the figure-head--a muscular arm, painted blood-

and grasping a silver scimitar That the yacht was not wholly for pleasure was evident, as her decks were armed with a battery of seven steel guns of the most approved pattern, and her masts were encircled by racks, containing boarding-pikes, cutlasses,

Over all there rested an air of perfect neatness and discipline, while the score of her crew visible were dressed in a uniform of blue.

trimmed with white. At the fore-top floated the red flag of the Turk, with its white star and crescent, and at the peak fluttered the ensign of Great Britain, proving that the beautiful vessel was either an English cruiser or an armed pleasure vacht. whose master's wanderings carried him into dangerous waters, where it was well to be

prepared for self-protection. Within the spacious, and luxuriously-furnished cabin, sat two persons at breakfast—the two men already introduced to the reader, and destined to play no small part in the scenes of

The master of the vessel was attired in a of the Bosphorus. me uniform of dark blue cloth trimmed with silver lace, while his sash of woven silk, noitered it, and I am now determined to resscimitar, and naval cap, lay upon a divan near

His companion was pale, calm-looking, and quiet, but the haggard, despairing look had vanished from his face, and he seemed no

He was attired in a uniform similar to the one worn by the seaman, though not so elaborately trimmed with silver lace, and in spite of his wan face, was an exceedingly handsome, striking-looking man.

The two had become well acquainted, it would seem, for an easy confidence existed between them, which the seaman furthermore increased by saying, when the meal was fin-

"Now, Mr. Malvern, I will tell you who and what I am—and in so doing I place my life in the hands of a man whom I have not et known twenty-four hours.'

"I appreciate your confidence, Captain De-los—one of these days I will tell you of myself; but not now," calmly answered Paul Malvern, as he lighted a cigar, handed him by his companion, and threw himself into an easy

Julian Delos slowly applied the match to his cigar, drew a few puffs of smoke therefrom, and then tossed it from him, while he paced the cabin thoughtfully for a moment.

Then he took a seat near the American and

said, in his deep, musical tones:
"Mr. Malvern, the noble conduct of Eng. land's greatest poet, Byron, in casting his for-tunes with the Greeks, inspired my father, an English nobleman, to seek that classic land, and offer his sword against the Turk.

"Of his numerous adventures I will not speak, except to say that he was taken prisonr, and would have died by the bow-string, had ne not been rescued by a Cretan girl-one whom he had often met and learned to love.

"That maiden afterward became my mother, for my father married her, and together they returned to England, after more than a year's hiding from the Turks in the mountains

"It was while thus in concealment that I was born, and shortly afterward my parents escaped from the island in an open boat, and were picked up at sea by an American cruiser and carried to Liverpool

But years after another revolution against Turkish tyranny broke out in Crete, and once more my parents returned to the island, my father to offer his sword again to the brave patriots. Alas! it proved his death--he was cap

tured and executed, and once more my mother was a fugitive with myself, a mere boy; yet, boy though I was, the sultan pronounced sentence of death against me and against my mother, should we ever again enter the Turk-'My father's title and estates descended to

me, and perhaps I should have been content to have lived in England; but there seemed born in me a demon of unrest, and daily witessing the brooding sorrow of my poor moth er, I grew up longing for revenge against the slavers of my father.

"At the same time my mother instilled into my heart an undying love for my native land—the fair isle of Crete, and as I grew in years I longed to strike a blow for its freedom

"Ere I was of age my mother sunk to her last rest, and found a grave in English soil; but with her dying breath she made me promise to one day aid my native land. The death of my mother, who had been all

in all to me, made me more restless and lonely, and building a yacht, and receiving perssion from the Queen to arm her, as pected to cruise in all parts of the world, I left England, and for years I went from land to land, until every sea has known the sharp keel "Being in your own land, when the civil

war broke out, I drew my sword in defense of the South, and fought until the conquered banner went down in gloom; but this war experience made me long to revel again in battle, and against the hated Turk, and I at once | cloaked forms besides the four oarsmen. ailed for Greece

"Under my mother's maiden name, Delos, I visited once more the isle of Crete, and then boldly dropped anchor in the Bosphorus.

To my joy I found that my countrymen were then trembling on the verge of revolution, and making myself known to them. I was received into their councils. The result is that I am now here in Constantinople, loading my with arms, ammunition, and supplie for the Cretans, who, as you know, have bold ly raised the cross against the crescent.

Yes: and they are making a bold stand of it. But can I ask, Captain Delos, why you come to Constantinople for arms-this, the head and center of your foes?" The Cretan smiled grimly, and then said:

'The bolder an act, the more certain its suc Were I to arm my vessel in foreign ports, it would cause me to be hunted down by the cruisers of the countries whose laws I oke; with Turkey I am already at war-by Turkey I am already sentenced to death, and hence I came hither, for we have good friends here, even under the shadow of the Sublime

"And so true have been my friends that my vessel is now fully loaded with all the arms and supplies we can carry

"And you have done this beneath the very eyes of the Turk, and not been suspected? asked Paul Malvern, with admiring surprise, "Yes; yet I feel confident that I was sus

pected to-day—not suspected as the owner of this craft, but suspected as the exiled Cretan, for I was watched, and, as you know, to-night was attacked. Had it not been for you, I fear I would now be sleeping in the Bosphorus. "Then I should have thought that you would

have set sail last night. Yes, it would have been best, I admit; but I have a motive for remaining. It was that motive that urged me the more in coming to

the Sublime Porte for my arms.' "And that is-" "I will tell you. My mother, when she married my father, had a young and beautiful sister, who, when she grew to womanhood,

married a wealthy merchant of Crete. "Her husband, having been a revolutionist, was one of the first to fall in the present strug gle, wh le his wife fell beneath the scimitar of

They had two children, a son of twenty. who it is feared shared the same fate as his father, and a daughter of seventeen, who was taken by the Turkish officer in command and sent to his harem here on the banks of the Bosphorus

'Did a Turkish officer dare perpetrate such an outrage?" asked Paul Malvern, indignantly. "Of course-Turkish officers will dare do anything, I have found out.

"Well, that officer is now in Crete, and a leader there, for he is a pasha, * and my beau-tiful cousin, whom I visited at her home, a year ago, is now in his harem on the west bank

'I know the spot well, for I have recon-

* Equal to the rank of general,-THE AUTHOR

'And you shall have it; I am with you, heart and hand."

Thank you, my friend; I know that you will prove a tower of strength on my side; but let me say that, if we can gain the ear of one person in the harem, our duty will be light."

"Who is this person?"
"She is now a woman advanced in years nce she was the fairest daughter of the isle of

Crete, but that was years ago.
"She married a Cretan, a man of family and wealth, and the result of their union was a

But the beauty of the young mother attracted the admiration of a Turkish noble, a young and handsome officer, who won her love from her husband, and urged her to fly with

"The guilty lovers were surprised in their trysting-place by the indignant husband, and a combat followed, wherein the Cretan was struck down and left for dead by the Turk. Then the lovers fled, and the beautiful Alfarida became the inmate of a harem, the favorite of the cruel Turk, for whose love she

had fled from her home But the Cretan did not die; he recovered, and devoted himself to his little daughter; yet, strange to say, taught her to revere the m ry of her mother, whom he never ceased to

'Nay, more: he loves her to this day, and a slave, one who waited in the Turk's harem, having visited our island, and reported that Alfarida was tired of life, and wished to return to her home, her husband has longed to

'Years have passed since the Ethiopian slave told the poor husband of the wish of his faithless wife, and daily the mourning man hopes for her return

This man, El Estin by name, is one of our prominent leaders, though secretly, and I feel that if Alfarida returned to him he would dehis whole energy in the cause of Crete and therefore I am anxious to have her do

"Now she and my cousin Zuleikah are in the same harem, and I determined to rescue both of them. It is a dangerous game to play, here on the banks of the Golden Horn, but I feel that we will be successful.'

"We can at least make the attempt, Cap-'Yes-and this very night."

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLD VENTURE.

THE night broke in unclouded splendor upon and and water, mirroring the stars, the trees the vessels and the minarets and pinnacles of Constantinople in the unclouded depths of the strait which stretched majestically away be tween the two shores toward the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora.

Upon the banks of a peninsula, formed by a small creek flowing into the crystal waters of the Bosphorus, stood a large kiask—the villa of some wealthy noble.

Around it were gardens of rare beauty, and wafted out over the waters was a breeze laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers.

Shrubs, orange-trees and numerous other flower-bearing bushes lined the walks, while the falling of waters, thrown into the air by fountains, broke pleasantly upon the ear, for though the night was cool it was not unpleas

The kiask was a large, rambling structure built wholly in the pinnacled, oriental style of architecture, and, half surrounded as it was by water, seemed a secluded retreat in which one could dream away the hours of life. Presently over the limpid waters of the Bos-

phorus glided a large caique, containing two With rapid stroke it advanced toward the

shore, down to which sloped the beautiful garden, and was then allowed to drift slowly in against the hedge that bordered the grounds. 'Come, signor; we will land. Taras, seiz and hold any one who approaches the boat, and so saying the speaker sprung ashore, fol-

lowed immediately by a tall form The two were Captain Julian Delos and Paul Malvern, and they had boldly invaded the grounds that surrounded the kiask of Al Sirat

A walk of a few moments brought them an orange bower, almost under the shadows of the harem walls, and here they halted.

In silence they waited for full an hour, and then a man came around the corner of the kiask, and turned his steps in the direction of the water-stairs. In the starlight brightness the two men in

waiting recognized him as an Ethiopian slave, clad in his garments of white. He was huge in stature, slow in movement and his face of inky blackness

In his sash he wore a pistol, and to a chain hung a bared scimitar, while a jeweled crescent glittered in his turban. "That fellow is evidently a head servant-

some trusted villain of Al Sirat; but if he were the pasha himself we must take him; co and, as Captain Delos thus whispered, he left the arbor and crept noiselessly on after the slave, who directed his steps to the water's edge, where against the stone stairway were moored half a dozen caiques of various sizes.

As if expecting some one at the landing, who had not come, and stood silently gazing out over the starlit waters at the brilliant lights of Istamboul* in the distance Wrapped in deep reverie he failed to ob

serve the two dark forms stealing upon him from the shadow of the orange hedge Nearer and nearer they crept, until, with a bound, they were upon him, and a heavy blow

sent him reeling to the ground. Ere he could recover himself, or cry out, his pistol and scimitar were in the hands of his captors, and a jeweled dirk was held above his

"Utter a cry for aid and you shall die; be calm, and answer my questions, and I will show mercy, slave," said Captain Delos, speaking in the Turkish tongue. What would you-and who are you, that

dare thus seize upon the head servant of his lordship, Al Sirat Pasha?" returned the Ethiopian, gruffly, though still lying passively upon "That you shall soon know. Arise a come with me," sternly replied the Cretan.

The slave silently and morosely obeyed, while his small black eyes glanced nervously around, perhaps with a view to seize upon some A walk of a hundred yards brought them to

the shrub-embankment avenue, at the foot of which awaited the boat.

"Well, Taras, you are on the alert, I see," said Julian Delos, as the coxswain of the caique arose suddenly and confronted them.

"Now, slave," continued the Cretan, "I will bind you securely, and then your life depends upon how well you serve me. Bind him hand

and foot, Taras.

The seaman quickly obeyed, and then the huge Ethiopian was placed in the boat.
"Now, Taras, you and your comrades go ashore and keep a bright look-out."

The seamen obeyed, and Julian Delos and

Paul Malvern were alone with the captive. "Slave—if you answer my questions faithfully, and aid me all in your power, I will this night make you a free man, and bear you with me far from this land of the Turk, while you shall have gold in plenty; but if you deceive me, and send me into a trap, I swear to you, by Allah and the Prophet's head, that the Bos-

phorus shall receive you. "In yonder harem are two persons whom I wish to take from it—will you aid me?"

And thus prove false to my master's trust?" sullenly replied the slave.
"If you love your master more than you do life and gold, so be it," sternly replied the

What would you have me do?" "Who guards the harem of his lordship, Al Sirat?"

I am chief slave of the household." "It is well. Tell me how I can get into the

'I will conduct you there -" "You will do no such thing; you will tell me how to enter the harem, and remain here under the guard of my men. If anything befalls me they will have my orders to take your life; now you know the alternative; direct me wrong and you die-serve me well, and free

dom and gold is yours: which will you choose?"
"Life and gold and freedom. What would

"Has Al Sirat Pasha a favorite in his ha em, whose name is Alfarida? She was a Cretan! No, she is not there.'

"Whither has she gone?" "Ask the Bosphorus

der of Al Sirat?"

"What! is she dead?" "Did she die a natural death, or by the or

'Few women die natural deaths in this land. She died as many others have before her.' "By the bow-string?"

And by the order of Al Sirat?" "Who else would have power to order her death—unless it was the sultan, whom Allah preserve many years."
"Was she faithless to Al Sirat?"

"Yes; her beauty failed her, and that was being faithless in his lordship's eyes. Anyhow, she sailed out one night on the Bosphorus and never returned."

You were her executioner, then?" "I obeyed the commands of my master," sullenly replied the slave. "So be it; she were better dead than a faded beauty in a harem. There is one other I

a Cretan, in his harem? A Turk has many maidens in his harem, if so it be his humor.' 'You evade my question: is there a maiden

vould ask you of: has Al Sirat a maiden, also

there, a Cretan, by the name of Zuleikah?" "One who was brought there only a short while since?

"Zuleikah is there. She is very beautiful. When his lordship returns from the war she will doubtless become the favorite of the ha

"Never! slave; it is that girl you must aid 'It might cost me my life if I did." "It certainly shall cost you your life if you

The Ethiopian groaned, and then remained

Then he said: "What would you, signor?" and in his tone there was a show of respect. "Tell me how to gain aud

maiden, and I will do for you all that I have Again the slave was silent for some mo ments, and then he said, in his deep, slow

The slightest mistake would cost you your You know how jealously a Turk guards his harem? Yes, I know all-I will risk it: tell me how

to gain an entrance to the harem?" I could guide-"Hush! I will not trust you; be quick!" "Go to the left wing-this walk will lead you to it-knock thrice on a window, half-hidden in the leaves of a myrtle tree; a woman, a

negress, will answer you; tell her you come

"Mesrak!" "Proceed!" "Tell her you come from me-that I have old a beauty from his lordship's harem—give

from me-

ner gold in plenty, and she will conduct you to the chamber of the Lady Zuleikah." 'Suppose she refuse?" "If you are generous with your gold, she

will not refuse. Very well. Taras!" "Ay, ay, signor," and the coxswain ap-Guard this slave well; on your life be it.

that he escape not. If I do not return by midnight, or the Signor Malvern comes not back put your dirk in the heart of this slave and him into the Bosphorus. "If harm befall me, remember, I leave the

Signor Malvern in possession and command of my vessel; you will obey him? The Greek seaman bowed in reply, and again repeating his threat to the slave, the

Cretan sprung ashore, followed by Paul Mal-A moment after they disappeared in the gloom of the orange-bordered avenue, bound upon the perilous duty of rescuing a young girl from the well-guarded harem of Al Sirat,

the Turkish general (To be continued.)

CHILDREN are not born with an instinct of cruelty. They are gentle as angels, and it is the fault of their parents if they become mon-From sheer thoughtlessness, sters when men. and before they begin to reflect, it is common for them to do many cruel things—to tear off the wings of insects, or to transfix them with a pin: when a little older, to kill small birds for pleasure, or to put small animals to grief. These short steps toward habit lead on to great strides. Nero had the mild and philosophic Seneca for the instructor of his intellect, but Agrippina for his mother. The records of our own times, from day to day, are stained with deeds of blood and violence equal in enormity to those which marked the worst periods of declining Rome. Heathenism, in its most gloomy phase, could exhibit instances of no nore glaring depravity than those an account of which is to be found in every newspaper we

THE RUIN.

BY ANDREW RYAN

A picture old, with outlines bold, Returns, whene er I sit and think; 'Tis a ruin gray, where sunny ray For years has shunned each widening chink.

A swallow's nest shows 'neath the crest Which once looked proudly to the sky; All desolate the massive gate, Where knightly heroes oft passed by.

In olden days, soft minstrel lays
Were heard beneath you casement tall,
And visions fair were off framed there,
And mail-clad feet rung through the hall.

And o'er the moat would often float Sweet strains from yonder chamber dim, For there they prayed, and aside laid All worldly thoughts and came to Him.

But no strains awest your ears now greet From out the silent, gloomy walls; Within all's dead; no stately tread Awakes the echoes of its halls!

From foot to brow the castle now Is still, save for the night-bird's cry; With weeds o'ergrown, it stands alone The ghost of grandeur long gone by.

I ever part with saddened heart From this in memory hallowed scene, It brings to me so forcibly My hopes of now and what have been. For once my dreams were bright as beams
The rainbow wears, when showers are o'er
And ah! too soon they fell to ruin,
E'en as the castle did of yore!

The Gamin Detective:

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk,

A Story of the Centennial City. BY CHARLES MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. WILL PREPARES FOR WORK.

WILL PREFARES FOR WORK.

WE left Will and his companion on a shed overlooking a band of conspirators. The long June twilight had just passed, the sky was overcast with clouds, and it was quite dark.

Will glanced in at the narrow aperture of the window. There was less than an inch of space left by the curtain. But this enabled him to catch a glimpse of a table, on which burnt a lamp, and to see the faces of the four men seated around it.

Black-eyed Joe stood back. He had just brought up some liquors.

Will could scarcely repress a chuckle of triumph. The face of the man whom he had last seen outside was now fully displayed. There was no doubt now, he knew him at a glance.

The face of a second looked familiar to him.

The other two were strangers. His companion.

The other two were strangers. His companion, however, seemed to know them.

"Them's gay nobs. High-toned cracksmen," he whispered. "I know just where to put my finger on them."

inger on them."

The men were busily conversing, but in low tones, and only an occasional phrase reached the eager young ears at the window. "Not safe now," was the first phrase caught. "John Elkton is in prison. He won't blow." "The West is the best field. After this scent

All safe, Joe?"

"Ay," said Joe, in a louder voice. "Up yonder. Stowed close."

He pointed with his finger over his left shoul-

He pointed with his finger over his left shoulder in an upward direction.

"Not so loud. There's ears below."
Their voices now sunk lower, so that the spies heard nothing for some time.
Suddenly Will clapped his hand on his knee.
"Bet I've got him nailed now," he said, in an incautious whisper.
"Who?" asked Joe.
"The black-whiskered feller. Know him like a breeze."

The men grew still more earnest in their con-Will be in store about Thursday," came to

the ears of the boys as their tones grew louder.
"And won't be looked after?" "And won't be looked after?"

"No, they think we're frightened off, and won't venture to touch this lot. I can give the cue if there's any change in the programme.

"We'd best touch it deep then. We might not get another chance soon. The secret way is

Not dreamed of. "That's a lie," was Will's whispered comment.
"That's a lie," was Will's whispered comment.
"I'll bet a cow you'll find a hornet in your box."
Their tones fell again, and nothing further came to the listeners' ears. The consultation soon after broke up, and there were signs of de-Thursday night, then," said one.
No. Friday night. They might be on guard

on Thursday.

The boys slid down the shed, gained the fence, and in a moment had dropped to the ground outside.

"Now, Joe, we know our men, and don't need to follow them. Let's slide," said Will.

They lost no time in putting distance between them and that dangerous locality.

"Tell you what it is, Will," said Joe, leaning doggedly against a lamp-post. "There's something up. What is it?" "Dead burglary, Joe. These fellers have been going through a friend of mine. Jist hear their imperdence, too. They've laid out a plan to rob him ag'in next Friday. But I'm on hand to spile their little game."

"Who's been robbed?"
"Can't tell you now. You'll know afore
ng. You'll get paid, too, for our fun to-night. long. You'll get paid, too, for our fun to-You know where them cracksmen can be Mighty queer if I don't."

"That's the ticket. I'll call on you soon at headquarters in the square. Till then, mum's I wouldn't blow; no more than an oyster," said Joe, indignantly.
"We'll split then for to-night."

Will went his way, whistling his feelings in

very gay air. He was diligent in his store duties for the next few days, being light-hearted in an unusual de When Will was in his gay mood he was the life of the store, keeping up a constant breeze of amusement. Mr. Leonard had decided to let him alone in these outbursts of animal spirits, as he did not find that the liveliness engendered by Will interfered with the amount of labor performed, but rather aided it. So our young

friend was left to sing, dance, joke, and other-wise upset the quiet of the store, to his heart's And yet he fell into bitter disgrace before the eek was out. It was Thursday. They were engaged in get-

ting in an invoice of very valuable goods. These were black silks of superior quality, and very costly.

Will labored vigorously, but with the utmost good humor, at the task of getting the cases into the store and lowering them into the basement, where it was decided to place them for the

Yet he could not repress his overflowing spirits, and executed a break-down between the lowering of one case and the receiving of another, that excited the laughter of the men, and the indignation of Mr. Wilson, who was "See here, boy," he cried. "We don't hire

you for a negro minstrel or for a ballet-dancer. You've raised disturbance enough in the store already. Now I want this thing stopped." "Pil try," said Will, demurely. "But my legs sometimes kick up all of a sudden. I catch myself dancing afore I know it."

"You had better know it, and well, in the future. I warn you now that the next time you attempt it you will be sent about your busi-

ness."

"I'm about my bizness now," said Will, as he lent a hand to the next case.

"You have entirely too much impudence, boy."

I will not have entirely too interinspandice, to a will not have these pert answers."

"Dunno how you're goin' to help it. My tongue's jist as hard to manage as my legs."

"You have got to manage it, then," cried Mr. Wilson, in sudden anger. "If not here, then somewhere else. Your insolence is getting unbearable."

You didn't hire me, and I ain't taking no discharge from you.

discharge from you."
"PII see if you won't," cried Wilson.
"Now you get back to your end of the ship, and don't be annoying a gentleman at his work," said Will, impatiently. "You're worse than a bad oyster. You'd best slide if you know when your mother's pet is well off."
"Why you insolent rescally young beggar!"

"Why you insolent, rascally young beggar!"
Mr. Wilson could hardly speak for rage. "That comes from taking vagrants off the street. You shall get out of this store, or I will."
He made as if he would take Will by the shoulders and put him out bodily, then and there

shoulders and put him out bodily, then and there.

"You can get, soon as you want," said Will, standing erect, and coolly eying him. "Dunno that' you're much use here, "long side of me. Willful Will ain't to be spared."

"Pil see about that," cried Wilson, doubly enraged, as some of the men laughed. "This is the second specimen of your insolence and it shall be the last. If there's more of it I shall put you out myself."

"Don't try it on," said Will, lifting his straight, athletic figure. "If you lay a finger on me Pil double you up like a jack-knife. I could curry down a dozen mules like you. Now get, and blow to Mr. Leonard, and I don't care three darns what you tell him. Look out, though, that I don't get a ring in your nose afore you're a week older, if you try it on."

Wilson seemed incapable of further speech. He went hastily back.

"You're a fool Will. You're got your walk-

Wilson seemed incapable of further speech.
He went hastily back.
"You're a fool, Will. You've got your walking papers," said one of the men.
"Bet a dollar I ain't," said Will, easily. "I ain't taking no discharge now."
"But you forget that Wilson has principal authority in the store, and great influence with Mr. Leonard.

Mr. Leonard.
"I don't keer the wink of a cat's eye for Gus Wilson. He's had more say here than he's goin' to have. Think I'll take his place afore long, if Mr. Leonard will give me salary enough. Let him hoe his prettiest row, and see if I don't come out ahead."

That's all talk, Will. I am afraid you have done for yourself."
"Them that lives longest will see the most,

was Will's answer.
Ten minutes after Will received a peremptory summons to the office He walked back with his most independent air, entered the office, and coolly helped himself to a chair opposite Mr. Leonard, who was seat-

ed alone.
"I did not ask you to seat yourself," said the "I did not ask you to seat yourself," said the latter, in a displeased tone.
"I was afeard you wouldn't. That's why I helped myself," said Will, nonchalantly. "We're goin' to have consid'able talk, and I'm too tired

"I don't think we will have much talk," said the merchant, sharply. "A few words will con-clude my business with you." "But not mine with you," said Will. "You are too much inclined to answer back,"

"You are too much inclined to answer back," said Mr. Leonard, severely. That is your main fault. I am satisfied with you otherwise, but cannot permit insolence in my establishment. You have talked in a shamefully insolent manner to Mr. Wilson. Now that is nearly the same as if you had used such language to me. I am sorry for the necessity, Will, but will have to discharge you. I had hoped better things of you."

"It isn't the same," said Will, quickly. "You wouldn't talk to me as he does, and there's where the difference comes in. If a feller comes at me like a slave-driver it's all very pretty, but I guess he'll find I don't drive."

"Men don't measure their language in speaking to boys. You must expect to put up with hasty speech."

"Boys have got souls," said Will, indignantly. "Tain't what I've been used to, to be talked to like a dog."

ed to like a dog."

"I am sorry, Will, that there is such a break between you and Mr. Wilson. I will have to support him. You must go."

"What! for Gus Wilson? Not if I know my wild have to support him. You must go."

"What! for Gus Wilson? Not if I know my-self. I wouldn't stayed here a week, Mr. Leon-ard, if you hadn't been a straight man. You suit me pretty well, and I ain't taking no dis-

"This is nonsense, boy," said the merchant, severely. "You will have to go."
"I'll bet my next year's salary that Gus Wilson goes first," said Will, settir g his hat rakishly on his head.

"Come, there is enough of this," said Mr. Leonard, rising. "I will pay you what is due you, and hope this experience may be a lesson to you in the next place you may get."
"Set down, "Mr. Leonard," said Will, easily.
"Maybe you're done; but I ain't quite through

The merchant stood looking down at the inde pendent boy with an air of surprise. He had not met such a character before.

"What have you got to say?" he asked.

"What have you got to say?" he asked.
"Well, the first thing is, that I ain't only goin' to spend my days here, but calculate to spend my nights here, tou?
"What do you an?"
"I mean that you have got in a lot of fine goods, and that the thieves are goin' for them to-morrow night."

morrow night."
"Mr. Fitler, the detective don't think so." "Mr. Fitler, the detective don't think so."

"He be blowed. He's good for straight work, but not for a crooked job like this. I'm goin' to be detective, and to spend to-morrow night in your cellar. There's rats there that want to be smelt out. Set down," he continued, as the merchant looked incredulous. "It won't be my first night there. I've got something to tell you."

Mr. Leonard's incredulity changed to intense interest as Will proceeded to describe his for-mer night in the cellar, and what he had seen

Can it be possible?" he cried. "Why did you not tell me this before?"

"I was waiting for it to get ripe," said Will, quietly. "Set still; I ain't done yet."

He proceeded with a description of his last evening's adventure, and of his recognition of the parties concerned, though declining just then to tell who they were

to tell who they were "But this is most important," said the mer-chant, breathlessly. "I must send for Mr. Fit-

If you do I wash my hands clean of it," said ll. "I ain't taking no pards in bizness." But we need his advice." We don't want none of it. I tell you what

"We want still tongues. If this thing is talked of our dog's dead. I'll tell you this much, there's a traitor in the store. If there's a whisper gets out all our fun goes for nothing. I want to find how them things are got out of the celler."

"You are right, Will. I shall not speak of it."
"Nor don't look it, nor wink it, nor let it out in anyway. There will be somebody doubtful of our long talk here. Tell Gus Wilson, and the rest of them that I begged off, and made you promise me another week's trial."
"Very well. I will do so. No one shall learn anything from me."

anything from me."

Not Wilson, nor Fitler, nor none of them.
The job can't be done if it gets in the wind."

"But how will you manage to remain after night without its being known?"

Easy enough. You send me away just afore
Trust me to snake my way back."
I think you can do it, Will. You had best six. go into the store now.

Will went quietly out, leaving the merchant

CHAPTER XIX. A PRISON CELL,

JOHN ELKTON had been a week in prison. His JOHN ELECTON had been a week in prison. His arrest had excited much indignation among his friends, who had a high opinion of his character. His silence, however, in regard to the damaging charge against him excited distrust in some, even of his friends. His employer was one of these. He offered to see that John was released on ball, if he would only explain to him this mystery. But John would not explain, and did not want bail.

on ball, if he would only explain to him any explain. But John would not explain, and did not want bail.

He was moody and unhappy in his contracted prison cell, and grew cross and nervous as the long days wore on. The monotony was broken by frequent visits from his friends, some of whom were very attentive to him. But with all this the hours dragged, and the place grew bitterly tiresome.

terly tiresome.

One thing wore on him more than aught else.
He had seen and heard nothing of Jennie Arlington. How was his disgrace going to affect her? He did not believe that she could turn from him for an unproved crime, but she was under the direct influence of his enemies, and what stories might not be told, and what arguments brought to bear on her?

He was fully aware of the natural conclusion from his persistent silence, and could not blame people for distrusting his innocence. But he had fondly hoped that she had more confidence in him, and would not turn away from him so lightly.

But as the days wore on and she came not he

But as the days wore on and she came not he began to fear that she was lost to him, and to grow miserably unhappy in consequence. Another thing seemed to annoy him. Some

of his friends kept aloof from him, one in parti-cular of whom he had had a very exalted opin-ion, and whose absence caused him much men-tal disquiet. He finally sent a message to this man, Jesse Powers by name, with an urgent re-quest to have him come to the prison and see

duest to have him come to the prison and see him.

It failed in its effect. His friend was out of town and did not get his epistle.

It was nearly the end of the first week of prison life when the door of his cell was one morning unlocked, and a new visitor admitted. He had been given a privilege which few of the prisoners enjoyed, of having both doors opened, and visitors admitted within the grating.

He sat disconsolate and moody, fretting in spirit at the defection of his betrothed, when he lifted his eyes and saw her standing before him, her eyes full of love and sympathy.

"Oh, John!" was her piteous exclamation.

He sprung to his feet with new life, clasped her in his arms, and rained kisses on her distressed face.

tressed face.

"This is very good in you, Jennie," he said.

"I have just been thinking of you, and wishing for you; but not hoping."

"You did not think I had forgotten you?" she said, reproachfully.

"No, no, Jennie; I had faith in your love.

"No, no, Jennie; I had faith in your love. But how I did want you!"

He kissed her again, clasping her still closer.
"And what a place this is," she said, looking round the cell. "I would have been here before, John, but I was hindered. I thought, indeed, the first few days, that you would not stay here."

"How could I help myself, Jennie? No bird would stay in its cage if the door was open."
"You could open the door with a word. You know you could," she said, looking tenderly but eagerly into his face. "You are innocent. Why

eagerly into his face. "You are innocent. Why will you not clear yourself?"

"It looks as if I were guilty," he replied, leading her to the only chair the cell afforded. "The law and the public seem to think so."

"It is your own fault, John. You are incomprehensible. Why are you so silent? I cannot guess a reason. You must clear yourself."

"And convict others?"

"If they are guilty yee."

"And convict others?"

"If they are guilty, yes."

"There are things that cannot be told, Jennie, and reasons why I should not convict even the guilty. I hope you will not press this matter further. I have not taken my course without excellent reasons. If you knew all, you would counsel me to do as I have done. Let that suffice. It pains me to have to refuse you."

Jennie was silent for a little, thinking. She lasped his hand with a warm pressure. His laddened eyes were fixed eagerly upon her

"Let it be so," she said, at length. "For the present, at least, we will forget it."

The conversation changed. Seated upon the floor at her feet, and looking lovingly up into her eyes, their talk grew of softer themes. Their voices fell, mellowed by love. Hours, it seemed to them, they conversed in that sweet love gossip so hard to translate, so weak and

neaningless when put into words.

Looks, tones, hand-pressures, form the soul of lovers' talk, and these no pen can write down.

The words spoken are dreadfully prosy to outsiders; all the poetry lies in the language of lips

Your friends have all visited you, then?" she at length asked.

"Not all. Nearly all," he replied. "Their kindness has helped me greatly."

"Could they do less, and be friends?" she quickly replied. "I do not think much of those who have failed to come."

"I do not blame them. They might have

"I do not blame them. They might have been away, or unable to come. And my very equivocal position is a very good reason for

"It is no reason at all," she broke out. "They are no friends of yours to desert you in your Well, well, Jennie, there are only three or

four."
"Let me know their names."

"And why?" he asked, laughing. "Are you going to put them in your black book?"
"No matter. I want to know their names," she excitedly replied. You are the most persistent creature," he teasingly. "Wait till I find out that they said, teasingly. "Wait till I find out that they have really deserted me. Then I will deliver

om over to your vengeance."
'That is no answer," she said, determinedly. 'I see there is no escape," he replied, with a arty laugh. "Grant me a few days, that I

hearty laugh. "Grant me a few days, that I may notify them what to expect."
"Not an hour. Not five minutes," she replied, with a touch of his own humor. Well, since it must be, it must be," he said, gnedly. "First, there is Ellis Branson.

resignedly. "First, there is Ellis Branson.
Have you him down?"
"Yes. Go on," she said, writing down the
name, with a merry smile.
"Harry Howard."

Proceed."
James Milton."

And the next?"
'Is not that enough?" he said. "You have

"That is all the names I can give you, Jennie," he said, more seriously. "This is an odd whim of yours, anyhow. I do not know what

you can want with them."
"That is my secret," she said, gayly. "I have a right to my secrets, too. Come, John,

"Jennie, I don't quite like this," he replied.

"Jennie, I don't quite like this," he replied.

"Do you know you are acting strangely!"

"Not half as strangely as you," she replied.

"Are there any more names!"

"I decline to answer," he said, with a slight frown on his brow. frown on his brow.

"There, I do believe the absurd man is get-ing angry," she exclaimed, laughing. "I must eave now, before the thunder-clouds arise." "No, no! Not so soon. You have been here No, no! Not so soon. You have been here ime. I will smile like a summer day if you will only remain.

"Listen to the tramp of that turnkey's feet. He is getting impatient of our happiness. I must really go now."
"To return soon?"

"Yes. I am staying in the city now. I will not leave you alone."

A few more parting words, and she left the

The turnkey, a young, pleasant-looking man, attended her toward the great door of the 'It is a horrible place this," she said, shud-

dering.

"I do not find it so, Miss," he replied.

"As for Mr. Elkton, he is very comfortable. You should see in some of the other cells."

"I beg to decline," she said. "His is bad

enough."
"We make it as easy for him as we can," said
the officer. "And he is not lonely. He has
plenty of visitors."
"Has he any privileges?"
"Oh, yes. He gets his meals outside. And
he can have his friends in his cell, and can write
to them and receive answers."

them and receive answers. 'He has written to some of them, then?" she

ed, quickly. One letter only, I believe." "Any answer?"
"No, Miss."
"Did he seem to expect one?"
"Oh, yes. And quite worried that it did not

"I cannot imagine who it could have been. know most of his friends, and would have thought they would be careful to answer him. I am engaged to Mr. Elkton, you know," she said, with a slight blush. "Do you remember the name of the person he wrote to?"

"Very well. It was Jesse Powers. I took the letter myself, as I had an errand in the city."

Did you see him?" "No. He was absent from home."
"The name is familiar. Where did he live?"
"No. 1485 North Tenth street."

"Thank you. Excuse my curiosity. Women will be asking questions, you know."
The turnkey smiled, as he opened the gate.
"Jesse Powers," she said, with compressed lips, on getting outside. "That is the name he refused to tell me. I believe I am on the track of the mystery." (To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

WHEN WHEAT IS GREEN.

BY GUY ROSLYN.

When wheat is green in furrowed fields, And forest lanes are lined with leaves, And passion unto pleading yields, And every mateless maiden grieves For lack of löve, at such a time My pleasure will be in its prime.

The clouds, that keep away the sun, And cover up the moon at night, Before the strong March wind will run, And leave the heavens blue and bright; The sun will shine upon the sea— The moon will light the wood for me.

And then, ah, then! Oh, dearest days!
Laburnum branches, thick with bloom
Will throw their gold on garden ways,
And kiss the windows of my room;
And then the day! How will it be
To live in such felicity?

My brow with blossoms will be bound, And from my fears I shall be free; Oh, tardy Time, bring quickly round The merriest month of all for me! That I may hear the church boys sing, And on my finger see the ring!

Esplanade of the City of Palaces.

BY YAM.

THE Esplanade of Calcutta presents a curious and interesting appearance between the hours of five and seven. It commences down near the river Hooghly and extends beyond Baboo Ghaut.

One beautiful evening in October, 1870, my self and two midshipmen procured three "Palankeens" and gave instructions to the carriers for them to take us there. Each reclining at full length, we lighted our cigars and abandoned ourselves to our own meditations, while our Palankeen Wallahs, four to each palankeen, raised their conveyance and started off at a jog-trot, accompanying their measured tread by a low, grunting song, intended to reach the ears of "Hobson Jobson" or some other deity, of whom they would ask strength to carry their burden without accident or inconvenience and also, that said deity would influence their fares to give bakshish in addition to their legi

A ride in a palankeen is not by any means the most comfortable mode of transit, and when our four-mile journey was completed we were neerely thankful

What the rolling and pitching of a vessel at a is to a landsman, the uneasy motion of a palankeen is to a sailor, or any one else not ac ustomed to its peculiar jolting.

In fact, a sense of seasickness was experienced by my two friends, who voted that we ould get out and walk, or take a dingy from the first landing.

We found, however, that the tide was runng much too strong for the dingeys to make headway, and so concluded to finish as we had commenced in the palankeen.

Our carriers had become incensed at our desire to change our mode of locomotion and raised the palankeens up with more energy

and dispatch than was absolutely necessary Herbert, who was naturally irritable and apt to give way to his by no means amiable temloudly expostulated with his team, and threatened to give them "bamboo bakshish thrashing) unless they handled him more

Without replying, they trotted along for a few minutes, and continued their song, but my ears could detect some choice maledictions of the head of the "dog of a Melican man" who had threatened them. I could not avoid an inward chuckle, for I knew that if Herbert should interpret some of their lingo it would

cause some delay and trouble. Looking back, I saw one of his men make a sign to the others who made a feint of stumbling over a stone.

Herbert growled out something I could not hear, and extending his arm struck one of the men with his bamboo cane.

Immediately the four men slipped from unthree good names there."

der the poles of the palankeen, and it came
"Not enough unless it is all," she replied, with
down with a crash, and poor Herbert rolled over in the mud.

Springing up he belabored them with his cane and administered a few vigorous kicks.

Not waiting for their palankeen, they rushed into the water to escape his warm conside ration.

In vain I ordered them to come back to their duty, and Herbert was compelled to get into my palankeen to finish the journey.

Arriving at the "Pepper-Box," an ornamental landmark, we dismissed our men and

walked across the Esplanade into the "Eden Seating ourselves, we eagerly watched each native and white pedestrian as they took their

Elegantly-dressed children, accompanied by their Hindoo nurses, gamboled across the lawn and admired the tropical plants and flowers. Pale, delicate-looking ladies sat reading the latest English, French and American novels.

Languid, consumptive men reclined upon the bamboo benches reading their papers and

Every one appeared to have brought a servant along to fan or hold an umbrella ove

"This is a poor place for Europeans and Americans, Herbert, for, after all, what good do thousands of rupees do a man if he is to sacrifice his health and life in gaining them?" I

observed. "The fact is, they live too fast out here. These people have native female servants who bear them children, and then they drink and smoke to an inordinate extent; of course I speak in general terms. Hallo, look at that egant turnout just entering the drive!"

We arose and sauntered across the garden to the esplanade, which was now filled with

The bon-ton dinner-hour in Calcutta is seven o'clock, and it being now about six the drive was patronized by everybody owning a horse. In Calcutta a man is not tolerated in the so ciety of foreigners who cannot keep a team consequently many people could be seen driv-ing daily whether they had a decent drivingsuit or not. It mattered little, so long as the orse was good.

Here comes a nabob who, rolling in wealth ooks back with pleasure to the days of the East Indian Company, and now growls out a dozen times a day that the "country, like the service, has gone to the devil."

He drives a handsome pair of bays, four liveried servants are mounted on the carriage and two run ahead with feather-dusters which they wave over their heads and under the horses noses to drive off the musketoes.

After him come two army officers driving tandem-dashing, aristocratic fellows they appear to be.

Now we have a red-faced, good-natured looking Englishman; he may be a clerk in some government department, his is a onenorse buggy, and by his side sits a beautiful half-caste, or Che-che

This soberly-dressed gentleman is doubtless a clergyman; by his side sits an old groom, as immovable as a statue.

Look out! Here comes a party of captains on horseback! They board at Spencer's and seldom go on board their vessels: "It is not the thing, you know.

Immediately after them come two handsomo young middies, riding hard and recklessly; they have been "indulging," evidently, as they cannot "sit" well, and one came near going "overboard."

Suddenly they draw rein and strike off to-ward the "Midan," for they caught sight of their commander among the horsemen just ahead of them. This is a "Baboo," or rich merchant, along-side sit two young girls—one a full-blooded na-tive and the other a Che-che. Their turbans

conceal their features, but we suppose they are Ah! Who is this? Ten grooms, barefooted, are running ahead of an imposing coach in which are six handsomely-caparisoned Arabian steeds. A horn is blown and everybody make

room for the Governor-General and his lady. This is his carriage of state, and he is a companied by two of his chief officers in gorgeous uniforms. In addition to the ten couriers are six stately looking fellows, mounted before and behind the coach. They are as proud of their position as their master is of

Behind His Excellency is a beautiful little phaeton driven by two ladies; they are popular

After driving round twice, many of the equipages depart to allow their occupants time to

dress for dinner. No one, however, thinks of leaving before the governor has appeared and driven once round, which, as he does every day, would induce one to believe that it was one of the most important duties of his lordship. So mote it be. "Come, Ed," said Herbert, "let's go aboard

'All right' my dear fellow," I replied, and turning to Bob I asked, was he ready?

"Why, yes—certainly—of course—detake me, however, if I can make it out." What?" and Herbert and myself laughed. "Why, do you see that small "gharry" with white horse and only one lamp, coming round

the bend?" "Hush; I can't explain now. Excuse me one moment, boys; I will meet you here."
Saying which Master Bob walked up to a gharry" which had just stopped opposite to us, and from which we saw a small hand wav-

Bob, after speaking a few moments to the person inside, raised his uniform cap and alowed the carriage to pass on. Returning to us, he would give no explana tion of this occurrence, but proposed we should

go on board immediately. But has your adventure then ended?" "By no means; I am coming on shore tomorrow, and would like your company in a drive round the Esplanade," he said mysteri-

Seeing that Bob intended to give no further explanation, we resolved to wait the issue of events, and chartering a large dingy we were soon en voyage for our vessel.

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL. SPALDING VS. THE GAMBLERS.—There is nothing that pool-room gamblers take greater delight in than in trying to break down the reputation of players whom they find they car not make tools of. An instance of an effort of this kind has just been made public through the columns of the Philadelphia Sunday Mer cury, the base-ball paper reporter of which from his well known record, he is too intelligent a player to commit the folly of risking the certainty of possessing the valuable capital of an honest record to gain even a couple of thousand dollars by a sold game. It is to the credit of Harry Wright's managerial career that he has never engaged a man for his team whose integrity of character was not unquestioned, and the result has been that the Boston Club stands unrivaled in its reputation as to the Spalding, above referred to, has called forth a the club, which contain sentiments any professional in the country might be proud of eliciting. They are appended for the information of the thousands of ball players who peruse the columns of the Journal:

Boston, Feb. 14, 1877. To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The undersigned, now members of the Boston Base-Ball Club, were connected with it the whole or a portion of the five years from 1871 to 1875, both

or a portion of the five years from 1871 to 1875, both inclusive.

It has come to our notice that accusations of an infamous character have been published within a few days directed against Mr. Spalding, and others of the Boston Nine under his control.

The only capital we are able to command consists of our good names and our playing skill. Without the former we appreciate the fact that our abilities as players are but of limited value. We consider any and every imputation on the integrity of our past and present associates in the Boston Nine as matters of concern to ourselves, and we owe it to Mr. Spalding that he should be assured that, at no time since our acquaintance and association with him, have we ever had occasion to know or suspect that his play has ever been any but of the most honorable and straightforward kind.

(Signed) HARRY WRIGHT.

GEO. WRIGHT.

A. J. LEONARD.

JAMES O'ROURES.

J. E. MANNING.

BOSTON, February 13, 1877.

Boston, February 13, 1877.

To the Chicago Base-Ball Club, Chicago, Ill. Gentlemen:—We feel that in addressing you upon the matter spoken of below, it is hardly necessary for us to declare that the base-ball public has never yet had occasion to call upon the Boston Base-Ball Club for any explanation or defense of the acts of any of its players for which they were properly accountable to the patrons of the game. We also feel a justifiable pride in the fact that the personal integrity of every man hitherto employed by the Boston Club has been unassailed and unassailable.

At all times since the expiration of our respective terms of office, we have continued to note carefully, so far as our opportunities have allowed, all things affecting the welfare and good name of the Boston Club. This feeling of interest extends to players who have ceased to be connected with the club as well as to those who are now wearing its uniform.

It is, therefore, with wonder and indignation that

players who have ceased to be connected with the club as well as to those who are now wearing its uniform.

It is, therefore, with wonder and indignation that we have read in a public journal certain charges of a serious nature against the character of Mr. A. G. Spalding at a time when he was connected with the Boston Club.

We hold that the high reputation sustained by Mr. Spalding, as a player whose honesty has never before been called in question, is well deserved, and, so far as the public in this city is concerned, it requires no defense. But as past officers of the Boston Club, who have for years known Mr. Spalding personally and well, we desire to convey to you and through you, if you see fit, to the people in your city who look to you for an honest sport, honestly conducted, our sense of his integrity and faithfulness, and to assure you that we have always believed, and do now continue to believe, that Mr. Spalding's honor is clear of anything approaching in its character to the charges above referred to.

We tender to you and to him this endorsement, not only from a sense of duty to ourselves but be cause we esteem it our right to make common cause with men who have the good of the National Game at heart against all enemies.

(Signed) Ivers W. Adams,

Pres't B. B. B. Ass'n, 1872.

CHAS. H. PONTER,

Pres't B. B. B. Ass'n, 1873.

N. T. APOLLONIO,

Pres't B. B. B. Ass'n, 1874-5.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Bradley took the lead in pitching in 1876, Bond being second, Devlin third, and Spalding fourth.

Roche, the old Chelsea catcher, has recovered from his severe injury of last fall. He is ready for work again. Knight, the Athletic pitcher of 1876, is to

pitch for the Erie professional nine this season. Pfeiffer is to catch for him. It is said that Fisher can prove his innocence of the charge of fraud in the game at Milwaukee last season. He had better clear his skirts at once if he can. This should be a bad year

for suspected men Lafferty, a pitcher who aided the Quicksteps, of Washington, to surprise some of the League nines in 1876, is to play with the Louisvilles, and Crawley, of Philadelphia, is to be one of

that club's change catchers. Scott Hastings, a good catcher and a reliable player, has been engaged by the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, Canada, to help them defeat the present championship club of the Dominion, the London Tecumsehs.

Six of the professional clubs of 1877 will play under the fifty cent tariff, and all the rest will charge twenty-five cents to their games. It is to be hoped that the public will leave the fty cent crowd alone to play by th Borden, of the Bostons, finding that the new eague rule which empowers a club to stop a player's salary and annul his contract if his playing is not satisfactory—a very compre-

ensive term—concluded to compromise matters with the Reds, and the result is his release from his engagements with the Bostons. A professional Amateur Club has been organized in San Francisco, and they will place the first professional club team of the Pacific coast in the field this season. The officers are as follows: President, L. N. David; vice-president, John Williams; corresponding secretary, C. J. Keating; recording secretary, I. E. Dele van; treasurer, W. H. Williams. Board of directors, E. Taylor, W. H. Williams and J. Williams. Delegates to the International Con-

vention, L. N. David, E. Taylor and C.

Keating.

The Clipper relates an amusing incident which occurred in a game played last month at Los Angelos, California: "After the first inning had been partly played, a wild cow put in an appearance as an extra outfielder, greatly to the discomfiture of the appointed occupant of the position. One result of this intrusion was that the regular fielder, when a ball came to his position, found his sight and judgment somewhat confused between watching the movement of the ball and the more important motions of the cow. But for this animal he would have undoubtedly played a bully game; the intruder's eccentric and at times threaten ing conduct, however, rather cowed him, and he was not far off being on the horns of, not a dilemma, but of a wicked-looking wild cow, which critter was evidently intent on crooked play at left-fielder's expense. This thing was kept up for two innings, and as the batting side took advantage of the circumstance to put in some good licks to left field, the cowed side had to put up a job to remove the gay gambolier.

The Louisville Club has wisely engaged that fine player and honest professional George Hall. George is an engraver by regular occupation, an upright young fellow and a player, in every respect, who will do credit to the club he is attached to; not only by honest serpaper has evidently been taken in by some club he is attached to; not only by honest serplausible story implicating Mr. Spalding in a trumped up charge of fraudulent play. Aside conduct off as well as on the field. There are too many men in the League club nines at this very time on which no such comment as this can be made. There are many whose actions will not bear looking into, even if their record is clear of actual dishonesty in play. Why is it that members of an association which professes to aim at such high results as the League does will give employment to players whose ability in the field is their chief if not only recommendation. They practically say, integrity of its players. The charge against he has drank pretty hard," or "He did not Spalding, above referred to, has called forth a card from the Boston Club officials, as well as one from the players of the old nines now in is a splendid pitcher," or "He is the best short stop in the country," or "The bulliest second baseman there is in the field," etc., and these qualities seem to compensate for a questionable character.



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STORY OF THE YEAR,

and will enlist more attention than any serial romance which this popular writer has yet produced. The SATURDAY JOURNAL'S programme for the season amply justifies the partiality of the trade and readers who pronounce it

THE STAR WEEKLY.

Sunshine Papers.

Mud-Assorted Kinds.

THERE was that of which you made mudpies. Do you remember it? It seemed such clean mud to you, in those childish days—whether you brought it from the sandy shore that skirted the bay, or dug it up among the poppies and sweet-williams that bordered grandpa's garden—that I am not sure you have expressed any great indignation had it been suggested to you then and there to partake of your appointed proverbial peck of dirt. And without doubt no inconsiderable portion of Mother Earth was wont to find its way from chubby hands, and moist, soiled faces, the way that more real pastry would have hurriedly gone. Ah, those were happy, happy days! before our girl and boy hands had learned the need of more real labor, or our young hearts had come to know aught more of mud, physi cal, social, or philosophical, than that it was jolly nice to play in, even though it cost us an occasional frown, when we allowed too much of it to cling, telltalely, to pants and pina-Even that mud, itself, was nice; and, as we remember it, wholly unlike any mud of to-day, or that we shall ever see again.

Then there were the mud-puddles of our youth, so different from the puddles now we do our best to avoid that we never could pass them in a proper manner, but must needs splashing or wading through them to the detriment of our wardrobes, the imperiling of our health, and the torturing of our mothers

hearts and tempers, when we appeared at home damp and disreputable.

And then there was salt-marsh mud, black, slimy ooze, with suggestions of old wrecks and rotten, half-buried hulks in its pungent odor. Perhaps some of you remember that. The parson does, as I have often heard him tell. The marshes were forbidden places; but he, with other boys, would steal thither, when the tide was on the ebb, and float on bits of board or spars upon the dank pools, left by the outgoing waters, among the clumps of coarse salt grass; playing they were come from France with nuts and nectarines to sell. Then one boy, in wicked mischief, would suddenly cry, "The smugglers are coming! Run! run! the and off the truants would start, urged on by guilty consciences, across the slip pery, black wastes, sliding and tumbling sadly about, in their wild endeavors to outstrip each other in reaching a goal of safety within the town. Then would the embryo parson and his mates assiduously set themselves to the task of cleaning off the salt mud and rendering themselves presentable, before appearing within the scrutiny of the progenitors they had dared to

"George, thee has been playing on the marshes," my grandmother would say, severely and sadly, when the parson slunk into the

"Oh! no! mother!" that wicked young person would hurriedly deny.

'Ay, but I smell the mud upon thy clothes.

Which the offender could not explain away; and then would follow chastenings and counsels and, after all, George grew up to be a parson. From which example let parents, whose boys will betray a propensity for indulging in mud

and fibs, take hope for their offspring's future. And there is the country mud, by its very color proclaiming the locality to which it is The mud that clogs the wheels, and baffles the horses, and delays all our journeys, when at its worst: and its worst is when sun grows tired of cold flirtation with Winter and, casting that haughty mistress off, commences an ardent wooing of gentle Spring. The spring-time mud, when "the frost is coming out of the ground," is a fearful and wonderful plague to residents of the country. If you stir without the house the walks are small rivers, the grassy banks are morasses, the roads sloughs of despond, and universal are the of impatience, annoyance and disrs, housewives, and faithful parents, whose for show.

desires for their childrens' physical and educational well-being are kept in a harassing state of conflict by the immeasurable depths of mud which lie between home and the school-house But, after all, country mud is scarcely to be thought of unkindly when one has once had experience amid the spring and winter states of streets in town. Oh! the blackness of the lespair and the mud that assails the pedestrian there! the awful slipperiness of the streets the horrible treachery of the curbs and gut ters! the ruination that comes to skirts and trousers! the dreadful showers of inky drops scattered playfully about by each passing 'bus and truck! the fiendish carelessness with which the "telegraph boys," rushing by, splash your newly-blackened boots, and some expressman whips his horses through a sea of filth, just as you balance yourself upon a street corner preparatory to a plunge across the street, and sends the dark spray generously upon your broadcloth and linen, your beaver, your light cloves, and into your very mouth and eyes!

"There's mud and mud, But there's nothing half so black in mud As New York mud,"

thought I, when one day cautiously picking my way through this "blackness of darkness" with one exception.

And that is-social mud! The vileness with which every aspirant after social, professional, or political preferment seeks to spatter his rival; the innuendoes-intimations of lack of talent, of knowledge, of capital, of honesty-upon which members of like trades and classes seek to trip up their fellows; the "faint praise with which sweet womankind seeks to damn her social contestants; the slough of gossip through which the fair name of every good, or great, or successful, or independent man or woman is

From the stains of that mud, which in the blackness of its cruelty "out-Herods Herod," I pray my readers to seek to shield their every brother and sister in the wide bonds of humanity, as tenderly as they themselves would fain be shielded. A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT NEXT?

THE world lives on sensations: they are its daily food; it must have them; it would starve to death were it to be deprived of them. If the sensation does not grace (?) the paper, the said paper is called "dull." The world, for a week, goes on calmly and smoothly, and then an in cident electrifies the country, and people open their eyes in wonder and astonishment not un mixed with horror and bewilderment. As we close the reading of the account we mentally

What will the next news be? Shall we have the report of some theater or church burned and hundreds buried beneath the ruins, and of the agonizing tears shed for the loss of the dear, loved and loving ones? Will it be wick ed for us, in a case like this, to "thank God that we are not as other men are," as we notice how insecurely the buildings were built, and how poor the contrivances for egress were and feel thankful we had no hand in erecting buildings so unsafe, and that we have not some

persons' consciences to carry about with us?
Shall we be shocked at the recital of some cold-blooded, inhuman murder, the taking off of some one's life for greed of gold or for revenge? In olden times murders were more un common than now. If some one's life was wrested from him by the assassin's hand, peo ple would be almost afraid to venture forth after nightfall lest the murderer's blow should overtake them. As tales of murder were read aloud before the evening fire the hearers would draw closer to the chimney corner and peep fearfully into dark nooks, and all would der that such things could be. How different nowadays, when one can almost hear the remark, "Only a murder! murders are so common! What next?"

It may be the falling of a bridge—a railway wreck—the explosion of a mine—a fearful earthquake—a direful famine—a family frozen to death; and, before we have time to take to our hearts the lessons such things teach, we throw the paper hastily aside and greedily ex-

claim: What next? Some one honored and respected may have betrayed his trust and absconded to other lands, leaving the widow and the fatherless to suffer from deprivation of money they had in trusted to his care. We style him heartless utter a "God pity them" for the sufferers, and then cry out, "What next?"

This taste for sensation is too morbid; this love of the horrible is unhealthy; these details of crime and misery do not make us one whit better; this using paragraph after paragraph in detailing what was supposed to be the agon izing death of a loved one does not mitigate the sorrow. Don't open the wounds; soothe and heal them: have some compassion for those who mourn their dead. Heaven knows. some have need of it!

If one must have a sensation, let it be the sation of doing good-something that will make us purer, wiser and better. There must be charitable work enough for willing hands to accomplish if we would but seek it out. you haven't much to give, give what you can It is not money that is wanted always; words of cheer can be beneficial sometimes. It is not always food that people want to keep them from starvation; many starve for the lack of sympathy and encouragement; but many had rather give the money, for the spirit of kindli ness is not in the nature of some beings.

But, don't get discouraged if no thanks fall o your lot. No good deed done on this earth to your lot. goes unrecorded in heaven; nor will it go un rewarded. And if there were no active reward we should have the approval of a good and

And after we have done all we can in the way of comforting, cheering and encouraging one wayfarer, don't let the good work stop there, but seek out others; you'll find plenty who will hail your coming, and welcome your approach as we hail and welcome the coming and approach of spring.

As long as we have life let us do the good work our Father has set for us, and be glad to have it to do. And when we do not find all the work we want, let us ask Him in a patient spirit, "What next?" EVE LAWLESS.

THE great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; those man shrinks to his natural dimensions and and lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of and labor tends, and to which every desire gust by the travelers, and the would-be travel- alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed pose woman totally devoid of such desirable

Foolscap Papers.

Styles for Spring, 1877.

CONTRARY to all expectation, and against all well-developed almanacs, there is a slight change in the styles this spring; hardly enough to speak of, unless you should, in the course of human events, be the husband of a wife, or the father of five or six marriageable daugh-ters who show no danger of getting married for some years to come; then, of course, it is

a matter of small change.

Costumes are worn tighter this spring than ever, so that when you contract the expanse you also contract the expense, and if your husband gets tight in his efforts to keep up with the styles, you can well imagine that it is altogether owing to the general tightness of

Material for dresses will be of the style that best suits the taste. The matter of cost is some-thing to be considered, but the more it costs the better, as you well know.

The greatest spring style will be for your husband to spring to foot the bill. He will be

expected to do this in one jump.

The style of bonnets will be noted for its lightness, and therefore will enable a woman to hold her head higher than her neighbor's wife without much trouble; and heads will be worn higher this spring than ever before. hat or bonnet will be fledged entirely with the costliest ostrich feathers, and a few expensive artificial flowers planted here and there over it will be the prevailing style.

Cheeks will be painted by the hand of Nature, if you can't procure a hand of Nature a

little rouge will be allowed. Sixteen-button kids will be the style, but they should not reach much above the elbows; and to be worn well they should be well-worn. A few fingers sticking through would show that there was no false hand there.

The fashion of wearing a frown when you meet anybody dressed a little better than you will not go out of style, any more than hanging over the fence and talking to your left hand neighbor's wife about your right hand neighbor's wife will.

Your cuffs will be worn by your husbands on the side of the head.

Lace collars will rhyme with dollars, and the larger the rhyme the better.

Costumes made by Worth in Paris will be onsidered worth the most. Bows will be in style, with as many strings

them as you can get When a young lady is asked for her hand it will be fashionable for her to give her right, so that she can have one left for somebody

A woman will recognize her husband on the street without ostentation, and if she walks with him she will have no need to let on that she is married, and to protect him she can walk on the right side. Cabs and carts are in danger of running over him, you know.

No neck will look well unless it has a very ostly chain around it; but that shouldn't infer that the other end of the chain should be in the hands of the husband.

Parasols will be just large enough this spring to ward off the envious frowns of other men whom you meet on the sunny side of the

Dark eyes will be the prevailing color this Those who do not own such can purchase the same of any eye manufacturer at a reasonable price, and have them inserted over the original gray or blue eyes, as the case might A good deal of native grace will be affected

this spring. This can be put on, if the patient practices hard, and abolishes the foreign grace. Ladies will be allowed to put on as much style as the law allows this spring-and the law, you know, knows no bounds, and is no re If any woman outdresses her neighbor it

will certainly be the fault of her neighbor and nobody else's, and she will not be held morally responsible. The law is that no woman shall go better

dressed than another, unless the quality of her wardrobe exceeds the other. Handkerchiefs will be worn at the nose a

little more than usual, especially if it is a chilly morning. Trails will not reach back much longer than an Indian trail at the Black Hills, and they will

rest on a series of wheels. Imitation smiles painted on the face, where it is artistically done, will answer just as well

A comb in the hair is a fine thing, especially if it gets in it at least once a week.

Blue glass beads around your neck, especially if you have a sore throat, will be all the rage. One of the neatest things in night-caps this eason is a pretty face, but they will not be worn to church to any great extent.

No pretty woman will wear a vail.

Poodle dogs will be worn perched at the back on the top of the bustle and they will be colored to suit the complexion of the dress. The pocket in the dress will be so low down

that you will have to get down on your knees to get your handkerchief out. Holes in the sleeves will not be worn, that is if the material is any account.

The skirt will have many a pleat to make it Calico overskirts will be universally worn

ver your black velvet dress. Point lace is in the rage, as are also husbands who are just where the point lays. There is quite a variety of styles in garents, and striped stockings will be all the go.

Women who can't show a good deal of neck, will be considered necks to nothing. Dresses will not be cut high in the neck, but when a woman can't shoulder her dress she will

be very weak. Morning calls will be very fashionable our husbands will call you up to get break-

Parasols will be larger, about the size of half dollar, and fans so small they won't even raise a disturbance in the air.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's Heart.-There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems, for a time, to The vacant heart seeks for an occu-The intellect, having appropriated aliintervals of unblended amusement, in which a ment requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity throws aside the ornaments and disguises which of more intimate companionship with the he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, masculine mind, to start it on its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years, without making a step all ambition, the end to which every enterprise in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few brief years, by their sweet temper, prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home their new beauty, their high accomplishthat every man must be known, by those who ments, and their noble womanhood, those would make a just estimate either of his virtue or mistaken individuals whose willful blindness of his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are and ignorant self-sufficiency led them to sup-

Topics of the Time.

—A pure white muskrat was caught in the north part of Great Barrington, Mass., the other day, something old hunters never saw before in that part of the country.

—It is said the trouble with the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls is a weakening of the moisture in the earth where the cables are fastened. This will be thoroughly repaired by the work now in progress, and the Bridge ren-

Alexander II. does not seem to have done his great work of emancipation as thoroughly as he might. In the thirty-seven governments of Russia, where the law for the abolition of serf-dom has been in force since 1861, there are still 2,007,854 serfs.

—An artificial angle-worm has been patented in St. Louis. The worm is made of India-rubber and is said to be a good imitation. It has the great advantage over the ordinary earthworm of not being taken off the hook by nibbles. How this invention would have delighted the poet Cawara! the poet Cowper!

—A contract has been made at Bismarck for the transportation from that place to the Black Hills of a ten-stamp quartz mill weighing about eighty tons, and requiring forty yoke of oxen It will be put up at Horton City, in Bear Gulch, a few miles west of Deadwood, where Professor Jenney reported the richest mines in the Hills.

Jenney reported the richest limbs in the Hills.

—Patricius, the first missionary of Ireland, and founder of the Irish primitive church, was born about the year 432 in the village of Banavan Tabernac, in Roman Britain, (in Britanniis). His father, Calpurnius, was a cavalry officer in the Roman army. The Calpurnius family was one of the most illustrious among the Romans. Patricius Calpurnii, or St. Patrick, therefore, was of noble extraction.

—M. Royrelly's new comet, has proved a sad

—M. Borrelly's new comet has proved a sad disappointment to the people who predicted that it would make a brilliant display. Fresh observations showed that its nearest approach to earth was made on the 17th of February. The ele-ments of its orbit do not certainly indicate that it has ever been observed before, though bearing a similarity to the comet of 1590, with which Tycho Brahe's name is connected.

—Germany sends annually into the fur market about 120,000 fox-skins, of which 30,000 come from Bavaria, and 22,000 from Prussia. Of other skins her average annual product is 20,000 pine martens, 60,000 stone martens, 280,000 polecats 8,000 otters, 8,000 badgers, and 600,000 hare skins, which last are used by the felt hat-makers. Of rabbit skins the annual yield of Germany is only 300,000 to 6,000,000 in France. The skins of 400,000 domestic cats complete the list.

400,000 domestic cats complete the list.

—As to the great "cattle drive," this spring, from Texas to Kansas, a Kansas City paper says: "We have every reason to believe that the drive from Texas to Kansas the coming season will be, at the lowest calculation, 175,000, and there are some who are good authority on this subject who place it at higher figures. We can count up 125,000 head of cattle which will be positively driven, and it is safe to say that the small drovers will certainly increase these figures by 50,000."

—The practical science of the weather is win-ing popular favor. The British commission —The practical science of the weather is winning popular favor. The British commission that was appointed to consider this subject has recommended that the parliamentary grant for the weather service be increased by about one-half, making the total nearly \$75,000 per year. It is thought best that the ocean meteorology be transferred to the care of the admiralty. In Italy the organized system of weather service will probably be much extended. At present it embraces 100 stations, and furnishes a daily report and a prediction. ort and a prediction.

-M. Roch, the present executioner of France. —at. Roca, the present executioner of France, is a man of gigantic stature and prodigious strength. His hands, which are plways as white and well-kept as a lady's, are large and muscular. He always dresses in black, and is a quiet, reserved man, of great coolness of temperament and energy of character. He is about fifty-six vers of age is married and enjoys the ty-six years of age, is married, and enjoys the reputation of being a model husband and father. So far from being depressed or distressed by his

rocation, he is rather proud of it, and feels that he is a personage. —Popular suffrage has been put to a singular test in a village of Awa, Japan. The neighbor-hood was harassed by a midnight robber, whom nobody could detect. The head of the hamlet summoned the entire male population under his charge and directed every man to write the name of the person whom he suspected, and to deposit the ticket in a box. Fifteen ballots bore the name of Abe Tanihei, the rest being blanks. The man whom everybody distrusted was so ercome with astonishment that he made full infession and went to prison. Never before in

the history of popular government was a thief elected with such unanimity. -A young lady living in East Rockport, Ohio. —A young lady living in East Rockport, Ohio, had two lovers—a Dover farmer and a Cleveland salesman. The farmer met his rival on the highway one dark night and attacked him with a knile, but the lady rushed between them and prevented bloodshed. Rusticus sulked on his farm for a day or two, and then challenged his rival to meet him and fight it out. It was done a week are Wedgesday in a ten-sere let. Not with pistols nor shotguns, but with fists, a muwith pistois nor shotguis, but with hists, a mu-tual friend sitting on a fence near by, and by means of a revolver enforcing fair play. After a rough-and-tumble fight, lasting three-quar-ters of an hour, the country lover cried "En-

ough."

—The wholesale destruction occasioned by grasshoppers, which have lately devastated the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie-hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist by the birds is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the quantities of noxious insects they destroy. The long persecuted crow has been found by actual experience to do far more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours, than the little harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up. He does in the few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.

—The rumor that Brigham Young, jr., is to plant a colony of 500 Mormons in the Mexican State of Sonora is not improbable. Last spring a reconnoissance was made by agents of the Mor mon prophet into Arizona with the avowed purpose of fixing some permanent settlements there, and a number of families from Utah have ince settled in that territory. There is now a hain of Mormon villages extending from Bear chain of Mormon villages extending from Dear River south-westward to Arizona. It has long been foreseen by the leaders that the resources of Utah are insufficient to sustain so large a population as their hopes and ambitions lead them to anticipate, even in the present genera-tion. They must have more room. The bleak tion. They must have more room. The bleak and barren region to the north of Salt Lake presents no inducements; the south offers good climate, rich soil, and abundance of water and

—The incomes of Queen Victoria's daughters —The incomes of Queen Victoria's daughters and daughters-in-law, by way of annuities from the government, are such as to shock our republican ideas of economy. These annuities are (count a pound sterling five dollars): Princess Royal (Crown Princess of Prussia), £128,000; Princess of Wales, £100,000; Princess Alice (of Hesse), £72,000; Princess Helena (of Schleswig, etc.), £42,000; Princess Louise (of Lorne), £12,-000; Princess Mary (of Teck), £13,000; Princess Augusta (of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), £99,000. Enough for pin money, certainly. Just think of it. The President of the United States now receives \$50,000 per year salary. The English ceives \$50,000 per year salary. The English Crown Princes wedded to the Prussian Crown Prince, and living away from Great Britain, receives over \$600,000 annually! That's where some of the "people's money" goes in kingly

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Work and Wait;" "The Vailed Pas senger;" "The Missing Diamond;" "A Wisb Un-vished;" "When Friends Fall Out;" "The Work of a Year; "What Mrs. Spencer Learned;" "The

Rejected: "Arthur Tremayne's Mistake;" "Some one to Say Things to;" "My Baby Boy;" "Result of a Moonlight Ride;" "Love's Telegraphy; "Acros-ie;" "The Old Song; "Brady's Leap;" "Won from the Waves;" "Twice Abstracted;" "Robin

INVALID SAM. We know nothing of the firm named BEN W. Don't know the present address of Buf-alo Bill. He is traveling and playing in the South. ELLA FOSTER. Wear light gloves for church, venings, and visiting; dark ones for shopping.

CHERCKEE. Albert W. Aiken's new story of the Injun Dick" series will soon be given. It will re-ive some of his most celebrated characters.

R. & S. We may possibly put the story named in book form. It is out of print in the paper, and will not be reproduced.

Frank D. R. "Sure Shot Seth" can only be had in the paper. To put the story in book form would cost at least five hundred dollars.

W. D. There is but one course to pursue. Go to ome good physician. Avoid quacks. No good hysician will refuse advice because you are poor, macks will. Miss Molly. Sketch is quite too crude, though promising in one so young. A few years of study and experience will develop your talent and rende t available.

SUSSCRIBER. You can only learn the flavoring of cigars by experiment. The tobacco before manufacture is given a bath, but each bath is something special or secret with the manufacturer.

Thos. K. We are not in want of, nor can we make any use whatever of, the "novels." You evidently are hardly qualified yet for the responsible profession of authorship.

Tolou. If you know your friend familiarly, arange for his reception as you know it would please test, and prove by your manner your pleasure in meeting him half-way."

STEADY READER. Have already given recipes for freckles and tan. See back numbers.—Sarsaparilla and Camomile flowers make a good spring tonic.—You write very nicely for a boy of fifteen. BABE B. Such development ought not to be "an-

noying," nor do we suppose diet will affect it. Avoid sugar, and starchy food, and drink sour wines.—Your father may be too good to you, but you can hardly be too good to him.

HENRY K. Most of the "boys' papers" are profitless reading.—Pursue in school just those studies you will use most in life. Stick to your drawing—that is very desirable. You write a nice letter and will make a good penman. S. Martin. We don't know Major Max Martine's present address. He was once a chief of the Teton Sioux, and last year the Sioux, in their troubles, sent for him, we believe. We yet have several stories by the major of his wild adventures among the Sioux and in the wild North-west.

PRINTER. Peru is a Spanish country. There is, we believe an English paper printed at Valparaiso. It is, we are led to think, a good country to go to for enterprising, sound-bodied men. You go by steamer to Panama, and thence by steamer down

Don John. Constantinople was named from the Emperor Constantine, who removed the seat of the Eastern Empire to that spot in the year 328. The last Christian emperor was Poleolagres, who was conquered by Mahomet II., A. D. 1453, when 60,000 Christians were slain. It has since been in possession of the Turks.

F. I. S. It is very natural for young authors to feel discouraged over the rejection of contributions, out a longer experience with the press will teach hem both patience and submission to others' udgment. The idea of resentment or anger to

ward the editor is equally unjust to the editor and silly in the author. M. AND W. No reason why you should avoid or neglect the association. Work without relaxation, or a daily admixture of pleasure, is both a mistake and a misfortune—insensibly and disagreeably affecting health, spirits and tastes. Share your "bed and board" if you are true friends. Friendships thus established make many a rough way smooth,

TORICCO. Have once before answered a similar query, but say again: a small tree will grow faster and (if a fruit tree) come into bearing condition sooner than a large one; and in half a dozen years the tree that was small when planted will be larger and finer than the other. The same must be said of deciduous shade trees. We prefer a maple of two inches in diameter at the butt to one of three or three and a half inches—the sizes usually selected.

HARRY L. You should have written to the parties concerned. We are in no way interested in or responsible for matters advertised in our columns any more than the N. Y. Herald or Philadelphia Ledger is responsible for its advertisers. Each person must be his own judge as to the honesty or character of the proffers made to readers. The "New Year's Gift' and Silver Ware for ninety days are noterisements and are not an offer of this paper—as we should suppose every reader would see.

CHARLIE MAY writes: "If I am engaged to a roung lady, and very intimate with her family, and hink a great deal of one of my future sisters-in-aw, is there any harm in my kissing her?" That depends very much upon what your affiancee and her sister think about the matter. If you were permitted such greeting by all the family, it would be all right; but if not, and you have no desire to indulge in the liberty with other than the lady you mention, we should suppose your affancee might be apt to resent such fondness for her sister.

be apt to resent such fondness for her sister.

JENNIE SUTPRIN, New Castle, asks: "Do you think it is true that the gift of a knife between friends will cut their friendship? My lover recently gave me a silver fruit-knife, and many of my friends say it will surely end our engagement. Do you think I should send it back?" We think, should you do so, your lover would be it milted, thinking you did not value his gift, and a ken engagement might result therefrom. Keep the knife. The superstition which you mention is wholly groundless and supremely foolish. But if your sensitive soul still anticipates evil, be consoled with the knowledge that a cent, paid your lover for the knife, according to school-girl authorities, will quite ceunteract any evil results from the presentation of such a gift.

M. J. W. writes: "When a lady has callers should."

M. J. W. writes: "When a lady has callers, should M. J. W. writes: "When a lady has callers, should she accompany them to the street door? And when a lady is seated, and a stranger enters the room and is presented to her, should she arise, and should she give her hand or simply bow?" It is not necessary for a lady to accompany her guest beyond the room door, especially if she has other guests present; yet if the vistor is a lady, and you have no waiter, it is kindly and social to, yourself, open the door for her.—A lady does not arise to receive an introduction, unless it be to a very old or distinguished person, to whom she would show great reverence. A pleasant bow and salutation are slit that are necessary in acknowledgment of an introduction; handshaking may be omitted.

that are necessary in acknowledgment of an introduction; handshaking may be omitted.

Sadie and Jennie write: "We are sisters, fifteen and sixteen years old, who have just returned from boarding-school to keep house for our father. We want to have everything nice and pretty, but we do not know much about housework as yet; and on one subject, the washing of dishes—china, glass, and silver—there seems to be such a conflict of authority between the housekeeping friends to whom we apply for instructions that we have decided to refer the matter to you, knowing how kindly you always give help and advice to the ignorant. How should silver be kept clean? How should glass be washed, and how china?" When clearing a table, serape all the dishes clean, and pile neatly. Have ready a large pan of hoiling suds, and two or three soft dry towels. In the hot suds wash your glasses—the will not injure the most delicate glassware—one at a time, drying rapidly each glass as you wash?. Next in the hot suds, wash your silver, drying each piece as non wash if. Always keep handy a small wide-mouthed bottle of ammonia and precipitated chalk, mixed to the consistency of cream, and a tooth-brush—a soft one reserved for that especial purpose. If there is any spot upon the silver, clean with the brush and the paste. By thus keeping the silver washed and cleaned, daily, it will be always ready for use without indulging in severe periodical scouring. The ammonia paste should be tightly corked. Wash your dishes in hot suds, taking out one dish at a time and wiping it. Never allow a dish to drain. Always use hot suds, and plenty of dry towels, and you may make a mop of soft sponge fastened to a wooden handle, to save your hands.

Turanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

SPECIAL NOTICE. - All advertisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way indorse them. We insert none that we think are obiectionable

PERPLEXITY

BY MRS. MARY D. BRINE.

Oh! what can a maiden do, With lovers around as thick as bees, Each trying their best tryself to please? Each vowing a love so true! Oh! what can a maiden do?

Oh! what should a maiden do?
The people will talk and call it a shame,
And add the title of "fir" to my name;
Oh, dear! I leave it to you,
Now what should a maiden do?

Oh! what ought a maid to do? The trouble is that I like them all, The plain and handsome, the short and tall; "Tis funny, I know, but true; So what ought a maid to do?

Now, what would you really do?
Would you marry one to get rid of the rest?
That is, if you liked one best.
Dear friends, I appeal to you,
Isn't that what I ought to do?

America's Commodores.

EDWARD PREBLE,

BY CAPT, JAMES MCKENZIE.

As Richard Dale may be said to have been a good type of Virginia, so Preble may be regarded as a representative Maine man. Born and bred on her coast, and familiar, from boyhood, with the sea, like Dale he became a sailor when but a mere youth, and loved the sea and sea life with an enthusiasm that carried him to honor and fame in his country's naval service.

Edward Preble came of good stock—his forefathers moving from Massachusetts to Maine in the year 1645. They were men of credit, and served the colony (for Maine was a colony of Massachusetts) in offices of trust. His father, Jedediah, was captain in the provincials that accompanied Wolfe in his campaign against Quebec, and stood near that heroic leader when he received his mortal wound on the Hights of Abraham. He afterward rose to a brigadiergeneral's rank. When the War of the Revolution broke out it found old Jedediah a sturdy patriot—too old for the field but influential in council and State.

patriot—too old for the field but influential in council and State.

Edward was born at Falmouth Neck (now Portland), Maine, Aug. 15th, 1761—the third son of a second marriage. He was early in life distinguished for his resolute nature as well as for his hot temper, which, in all his after career, was his one marked defect of character. Many anecdotes of his youth illustrate both characteristics, and show how truly, in his case, the "boy was father to the man."

In 1775 the English commenced punishing the "Yankee rebels" by burning unprotected seacoast towns and in ravaging estates. Falmouth was partially destroyed, and the old "brigadier" removed his family for safety to a farm, some distance from the town. But, potato digging and driving oxen were not to Edward's taste; so one day in the field he threw down the hoe, rebelled against his stern old father's orders and started for the port, where he enlisted on a letter of marque privateer, bound for Europe. The old general followed; but, finding the boy determined on a sea life, he let him go, hoping one cruise would cure the youngster of his "sailor fever."

But, one cruise only confirmed his predilections for the sea and seeing the boy's heat-

go, hoping one cruise would cure the youngster of his "sailor fever."

But, one cruise only confirmed his predilections for the sea; and, seeing the boy's bent, the old general, in the year 1779, procured him a midshipman's warrant, in the provincial marine of Massachusetts—Edward then being nearly eighteen years of age. He was assigned to the Protector, of 26 guns, Capt. John Williams, a very plucky and enterprising officer, under whose command young Preble soon saw sharp service, for the Protector, in June (1779), engaged an English letter-of-marque, the Admiral Duff, of equal strength. After an hour's severe fight the Duff blew up and sunk—the Protector picking up such of her men as did not go down with their vessel. Soon after an English frigate, the Thames, of 32 guns, fell in with "the Yankee," and a cutting, running fire ensued. Williams escaped by crippling the enemy's upperworks and rigging, but did not return to port until he had secured several prizes and more prisoners than it was desirable to carry.

Preble enjoyed this cruise immensely, and proved himself a most admirable officer. He sailed with Williams to the Penobscot, in the squadron of the unlucky Commodore Salton-stall, to co-operate in the expedition against that

proved himself a most admirable officer. He sailed with Williams to the Penobscot, in the squadron of the unlucky Commodore Saltonstall, to co-operate in the expedition against that then strong English post. While anchored on the coast, the day being very calm, an enormous serpent was seen lying on the water not far from the ships. All on board saw the creature plainly, and the officers all examined it carefully through their glasses. It seemed to be lying perfectly in repose, basking in the sun, only raising its head occasionally high out of water for observation.

Williams determined to "try for the ugly customer," so ordered Preble to man one of the boats and pull for the game. This the young middy proceeded to do with alacrity. In a boat of twelve oars, with a swivel mounted in the bow and every man armed for boarding, he struck out for the monster, who, seeing the danger, began slowly to move away, its head carried about ten feet above the smooth sea, and making a wide wake as it passed. The boat was put under its best speed but the snake easily led it. The swivel was then brought to bear, and, after careful aim, was discharged loaded with bullets. This sent the serpent off at tremendous speed and it soon passed completely out of sight. The creature was thought by Preble to have been considerably over one hundred feet in length, and its body, as seen was over three feet in thickness.*

in thickness.*

The Penobscot expedition was a disaster that resulted in the capture or destruction, by the enemy, of the entire squadron, and Preble, with his commander and companions, was taken to New York and placed on the prison ship Jersey, of such ill fame in history. He was soon paroled, however, but was not exchanged for a long time. He could have escaped, but was too honorable to violate his parole, so remained in the city for nearly two years. Then he was restored to liberty, and proceeding to Boston, went as first lieutenant on the State cruiser Winthrop, commanded by Captain George Little, who had been first lieutenant on the Protector

George Little, who had been first lieutenant on the Protector

In the Winthrop he rose to prominence by a single act. A British brig had captured an American sloop off Penobscot, and the Winthrop overhauled and retook the prize. From its crew Captain Little learned of the presence of the brig in the bay, and resolved upon her capture. To Preble, with forty men, was given the task of boarding. The Winthrop, with a favoring wind, ran in the bay at night and alongside of the brig near enough for the boarders to leap on her deck. Her headway, however, was so great as to carry the Yankee cruiser clear of the brig, leaving Preble and only four-teen of his men on her decks. But this was enough, for before the English crew could be called to quarters they were prisoners. Not a gun was fired to alarm the fort, but the fort soon opened on the daring adventurers, and Preble slipped cable, hoisted sail, and with great skill worked the prize out of the harbor under sharp fire, which, however, in the darkness, did but little damage.

This admirable exploit was received in naval circles with ectat, and made the boy lieutenant a favorite. The Winthrop continued to the close of the war in active service off the coast, and became a terror to the English privateers and became a terror to the English privateers that ran out from Halifax and St. John to infest

*This same serpent has been seen on the Maine coast several times, in pretty well-authenticated instances. A very interesting account of one of these appearances, is given in Beadle's Monthly for Nov. 1866,

the merchant service. Though only in his twenty-second year he was a skilled sailor, and had no difficulty in securing a command. For fifteen years he sailed in the merchant service, which, during that time, developed into vast proportions, and American ships sailed to all quarters of the globe.

The troubles with France, that compelled the young Republic to organize a navy, found Preble ready for naval service, and he was given one of the first five commissions of first lieutenants, issued in 1798. He was assigned to the brig Pickering, 14 guns. Promoted in 1799 to a captaincy, he sailed the Essex of 32 guns—then a fine new ship, and (January, 1800) proceeded to the East Indies to convoy a homeward bound squadron of American merchant ships. This duty was successfully executed and fourteen vessels brought safely from Batavia (Java) to American ports. The Essex was the first American man-of-war to carry the pennant around both capes—around Cape of Good Hope under Preble, and Cape Horn under Porter in 1813.

He returned much affected in health, and declined the-offer of the Adams, then fitting for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Proceeding to Portland, he there married (1801), and did not report himself fit for service until 1803, when he was assigned to the Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—then fitting out in Boston under orders for the Mediterranean, where the Barbary pirates were still giving great annoyance to American commerce. Dale had returned from thence, in disgust, at his want of authority to punish the corsairs and carry the war into their own, ports; Morris, his successor, had been annoyed and crippled in the same absurd manner by Jefferson's deference to a mere point of law; the country was greatly dissatisfied, and demanded that an American squadron should be sent out under an officer who would bring the Bashaw of Tripoli to a satisfactory peace.

To Preble was assigned the service. His force was constituted as follows: Flag-ship, Constitution, 44, Commodore Preble; Philadelphia, 38, Capt. Bainbridge; Ar

Sist, and the captivity of Bainbridge, his officers and crew.

This loss, and the lateness of the season making that rugged coast a dangerous road for a fleet, Preble could only reconnoiter the harbor and arrange for a final descent on the place. Tripoli is a land-locked port, guarded by a heavy sea reef whereon batteries are mounted, while inside there are powerful forts, making the place almost impregnable by sea. The commodore's force was all too small for his work—that he plainly saw; but he planned for a determined campaign, resolved to bring the bashaw to terms. He had a double object now—to release Bainbridge and his companions from captivity, as well as to secure peace.

The first procedure was to destroy the Philadelphia, which, having been floated from the reef, now lay anchored in the harbor. To Lieutenants Decatur and Stewart were assigned the enterprise, which was carried out in February (1804). These daring young men, running right into the harbor on a captured Mediterranean ketch, boarded the Philadelphia, and, after an awful hand-to-hand conflict with the Turks, succeeded in capturing the vessel and firing her in many places. The fine ship was soon all affame, and the gallant Decatur, with his comrades not lost in the terrible encounter, made good his escape, returning to the squadron rendezvous at Syracuse, in Sicily, to report his success. Bainbridge, from his quarters in the bashaw's castle, witnessed the destruction (which he himself had advised), and heard of the performance of his countrymen with the deepest satisfaction and pride.

The commodore now hurried forward operations against the place. The king of the Two

The commodore now hurried forward opera-ons against the place. The king of the Two Sicilies co-operated by supplying several little bomb and gun-vessels, but so difficult was the work in hand and so inadequate the means that it was late in July before the squadron was ready

for its work.

And a "tough job" it was, indeed, for, in addition to the powerful fortifications of the harbor, the bashaw held between twenty and thirty thousand troops under arms, and had a fleet of nineteen well-fitted gunboats to help hold the reef and patrol the harbor.

And "d the first attack was made." A decrease of the state of the

Aug. 3d the first attack was made. A desperate battle of the gunboats occurred, in which Decatur and his comrades again had to use the cutlass, for they ran down on the enemy, while the Constitution dealt with the batteries in su-perb style. It ended by a capture of three of the Turks' gunboats and by driving them in upon

the harbor.

To detail the operations which this day in-To detail the operations which this day inaugurated is much to exceed our limits. The American fleet refitted and returned to the work by a combined attack on the 29th, in which all the vessels suffered severely—the flag-ship especially in her upper works. She ran close into the water front, and gave and took shot from the forts for near an hour. Sept. 3d a third attack occurred—a heavy and brilliant affair, in which "Old Ironsides" literally received the whole fire of the Tripolitan forts and gave the bashaw an imposing proof of the power and courage of his foe.

Then followed the sad affair of the loss of the

Then followed the sad affair of the loss of the gallant Lieutenant Somers, who was sent in a ketch to explode her in the harbor among the gunboats, hoping thus to destroy them and to injure the whole town by the shock. She ran in on the night of Sept. 5th, with one hundred barrels of powder and two hundred shells on board, but, by some accident unknown, exploded before Somers and his twelve companions could leave her and all were blown to pieces. This loss was followed by the arrival of Commodore Barwas followed by the arrival of Commodore Barron (Sept. 10th) with several fine ships, well fitted for the heavy work in hand. He being a senior officer superseded Preble, who sailed for Malta Sept. 12th and there turned over "Old Ironsides" to the brilliant Decatur. Then, after settling the numerous accounts of the wide-spread and important station, he returned home—reach-ing Washington on the day of Jefferson's second inauguration, March 4th, 1805.

Congress at once passed resolutions of solemn thanks for his services, ordering a medal in gold to the commodore and swords to the officers who had most distinguished themselves. Congress and the country at large all acknowledged that the American navy had received a glorious im-pulse under his direction.

pulse under his direction.

And Jefferson, calling him into frequent consultation, offered him (in 1806) a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of War. Preble declined, but many officers of the navy urged his acceptance, and he had signified his assent to the President's wishes if health permitted. Health did not permit. His old disease, dyspepsia, which had haunted and tortured him for years, developed into consumption, of which he died Aug. 25th, 1807, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump neech out West, in a small village. Just as he and became a terror to the English privateers that ran out from Halifax and St. John to infest the waters below.

With peace came a general disbandment of the navy and naval cruisers, and Preble passed to and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming, "E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo!" The ef-fect was tremendous, and the shouts could be

ONE SWEET LESSON.

BY STEPHEN MCCORMICK

What shall I do with myself to-day?
The days are so long, and I'm tired of play;
I should like so much some good to be.
Said Nell, as she sat on her grandma's knee.
Even the birds have something to do
In building their nests so round and true.

See yonder robin on the lilac tree,
Building her nest and singing so free;
Bringing the leaves and twigs, one by one,
Weaving them in till the day is done;
While I sit and idle the whole day through,
With folded hands and nothing to do.

Oh! I know what I'll do," she cried;
There's crippled Lizzie, whose father has died,
Her mother is poor and works all way
To gain bread for two, from day to day.
I have two dolls, Lizzie has none;
I'll go to-day and give her one!

She is always so pale, wan and sad,
It will brighten her life and make her glad.
And the sea-shell cross pa gave to me,
I'll give that, too, to Lizzie Leat''
And away she ran, with a happy smile,
To brighten the life of the crippled child.

The Girl Rivals; OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN. AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DANGER FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE. It was over four months since her uncle's death that Honoria Appleton sat, one fair May death that Honoria Appleton sat, one fair May morning, with idle, clasped hands and bent face, dreaming in the great library opposite the drawing-room. The sun, streaming in through a lovely window of stained glassy threw strange, jewel-like colors over her white dress and duely hair. dress and dusky hair.

Honoria wore mourning for her uncle; but on these warm mornings her dress was of soft, fleecy white, with only a black ribbon at the throat. She sat there listless and purpos With all her luxurious surroundings the girl was lonely. No father or mother—her dear uncle dead—her cousin away, she knew not where—there were times when the world seemed desolate to the beautiful heiress.

She would have given much gold for one true friend. An elderly maiden aunt had come into the princely house, to fulfill the proprieties and see that the housekeeper did her duty by the servants. But she was not much of a companion to the spirited young beauty.

Hosts of admirers would have been only too glad to console her drooping spirits; but Hono ria, though fond of conquest and not entirely

above the pleasures of coquetry, was not quick to yield her heart or her friendship to people. She sat there idly pondering what she should do when the summer came—go to the country, the seaside, or shut herself up in this great house, like Marianne in the Moated Grange. There was not so very much enjoyment in going about with only her prim aunt for compar ionship. She was vexing her soul, too, to know what had become of Otis. Not a word had she heard from him since the week after his uncle's death.

The money burned in her hands-the luxuries she enjoyed seemed to her half-stolen. Ah, why did her uncle make such a cruel will? why did her uncle make such a cruel will? If she could only find some way to evade its pitiless provisions and share her wealth with poor Otis! While she sunk deeper and deeper into reverie, the bell rung, and presently Shackles, the old servant of her uncle, and now factorum in the household, knocked at the door, and being hidden to outer attack that a very and being bidden to enter, stated that a young person had answered the advertisement. yes, Miss Appleton had forgotten that she had advertised for a maid.

at a time, please. If more come while I am bridge, anyhow, and get a glimpse of green engaged with her keep them waiting in the ser- fields and waving trees.

Presently she entered, Shackles closing the door behind her, a young girl, plainly and neatly dressed, who lifted such a pair of violet eyes to the lady's face as surprised her. For a moment the two women looked at each

other with mutual curiosity vailed behind an apparent indifferen You do not look fit for any, even the lightest service. Do you really apply for the position of dressing-maid? Have you ever been

out as a servant?" "No, madam, never. And for that reason I am afraid you will not try me. But my mother is dead; and I am not strong enough or wise enough for a teacher. I saw your advertisement, and it seemed to me just the kind of work I might do, after I had once learned it. I don't deny that I shall be awkward and al- to the side of the carriage. most useless at first. But I would ask no wages for the first month; and I would try, oh, so willingly, to please you.

Here was something different from the bold Irish or the pert French maid. Honoria's lonely heart went out toward this little creature, so pretty, so delicate, and ladylike, so modest and evidently so very much in earnest-went out toward her almost as it would have done to a forsaken baby. She reflected that it would be careless, almost wicked, to leave unaided this timid girl, whose loveliness might expose her to all sorts of danger.

"I would as soon think of setting a humming-bird to work," she thought; "but I shall take her all the same. She can, perhaps, do my hair, or mend a bit of lace now and then, just to deceive her with the idea that she is of What a perfectly lovely little thing she is!"-then aloud-"What is your name?"

"Milla what?"

"Lovelace, please, madam."
"Not an Irish name, anyway. Well, Milla,
I am willing to give you a trial."

"Oh, thank you!" very gladly and grateful-"When can you come? "This afternoon. May I send my trunks, Miss Appleton?—and—and—will I have a room

"Exacting already," thought the mistress, severely, but she relented when the stranger said, earnestly "It is only because I am not one of them

you see, Miss Appleton." 'No, and that may make trouble. I see that I cannot take you as my maid-it would

"Oh!" sighed the young girl, drooping. "But I will do better by you, Milla. You shall be my companion—then you can take yoar meals in the housekeeper's room, and need not come in contact with the servants." "I must do something to be useful, though; you must let me earn my bread. And I will

not take any wages. "I will see to that. Come as soon as you

So the companion came a few hours later,

in a small room communicating with Miss Appleton's dressing-room. She was timid, shrinking, far from presump

tuous, yet in less than a week the mistress and maid were two girls together. The little com-panion was so refined and intelligent and so wonderfully pretty, that Honoria lost half her sense of loneliness. She made the little thing her friend and confidante. She said to herself that Milla's coming was one of the most fortu-nate things that had ever befallen her own proud self. She had some one to talk to now beside the grim aunt—some one young and ro-mantic like herself. The companion's chief duty was to listen to the girlish chatter of her beautiful mistress. She sat beside Miss Apple ton when that lady went out for a drive. Honoria insisted in having her elegant cast-off dresses made over by her seamstress for the little companion. Sometimes, of a dreamy, drowsy June afternoon, Milla would read aloud, in her sweet, pathetic voice, poems of love and melody which her lady would select from the great library. Two pairs of heautices from the great library. Two pairs of beautiful eyes would brighten and grow moist together over the sweet singing of the bards, sing-

ing of passion and romance.

Why had Mildred ventured into the home of

the girl, so young, so ignorant of life, so shrinking, never forgot that she was Otis Garner's wife. It was the passionate purpose of her life to make herself worthy of him. She knew that she was lacking in many things which could only be acquired by association with those in a sphere far above hers. She knew that Honoria Appleton was not famous

for beauty alone, but for wit and elegance.
Mildred's mother had died in March. The desolate girl's heart had warmed with grati-tude toward Mr. Pomeroy, who had rendered every service in his power at that sad time. Believing him to be a true friend she had allowed her gratitude to show itself in a kinder manner toward him; and he—emboldened by his claims on her and by her solitude and un-protected condition, which should have rendered her sacred to him—had made such advances as showed her the real meaning of his atten-

tions and her own danger. The shock was dreadful. It seemed to her that she must die, now that her husband's friend had dared to offer her his perverted love. Oh, where could she fly? What was she born for? She drove the traitor from her with words which shamed him while they aroused his anger, and a fierce determination that she should yet be humbled, who had so wounded his vanity and disappointed his pas-

Mildred soon became aware that she could not walk abroad without her path being shadowed by that man. She grew more and more afraid of him. She saw that he was bad enough to plot some foul scheme against her. Her dread of him even haunted her dreams at

This feeling of insecurity, and the desire—strong as life—to improve herself upon some model she knew Otis admired—had led her to

answer Miss Appleton's advertisement.

Little did the haughty Honoria dream that her meek attendant made a study of her every movement, the tones of her voice, the style of her reception of friends and visitors, and all the thousand little polished arts that go to make up a fashionable woman; and that she carefully reformed every habit of her own which did not accord with the usages of the

It was an afternoon in June. There had been a delicious shos er about one o'clock, leaving the air cool and sweet with the rifled perfume of millions of roses

How lovely it must be in the country," remarked the little companion to the fair lady.

"Yes; it is time we were going to the untry, Milla. We will drive out to Cam"What an idea! The only claim she has on

The carriage, an elegant open barouche, from which they could have an unobstructed view, was ordered around, and mistress and maid went out to enjoy the soft air and the approaching sunset in the suburbs. Not until they were over the bridge and under the ic elms of Cambridge did Mildred venture to lift the thick vail she always wore when out, and to inhale the breath of roses "new-washed with dew." They had a long, delightful drive, watching the sun sink into a golden fleece of clouds, and look out from under, like a laughing child playing Bo-peep; and were now driving back at a pretty rapid rate, so as to reach the city before dark, when a gentleman, walking along the pavement near the University buildings, held up his finger to the coachman, who drew up his horses, and the gentleman came

Oh, is it you, Mr. Pomeroy? "None other, Miss Appleton. Ten thousand pardons for taking the liberty of stopping your barouche! I only want to ask after health, and to say that I certainly should have called upon you this week, but I had an impression that you were gone to Newport," saying all this with that easy, elegant air of his, and darting an inquiring glance at the vailed person sitting beside Miss Appleton.

"I have enough sea-air in Boston, Mr. Pom-eroy. When I go away it will not be to Newport, but to the mountains. I think the mid-

dle of July will be soon enough.' "Would you believe it of me, Miss Apple ton? I have actually walked out here, the afternoon was so delightful. Having made call on my friend, the poet-professor, I am now on my return. Is it not a delicious eve-

"Yes. I have been feasting on lilies and But, surely, Mr. Pomeroy, you have carried your experiment of walking far enough! If you will accept, you shall have a

seat in my carriage back to the Tremont."
"Ah, Miss Appleton, what a talent you have for reading a man's inmost thoughts! When I held up my finger to John, here, I said to my What a happy ending to a pleasant little excursion to be invited by Miss Appleton to enjoy the heaven of her society for a half-hour I never did despise a silver-lined carriage. You remember what Holmes says: 'Little I ask, my wants are few.' "

"Oh, yes, responded Honoria, laughing, "I remember—the poet only wanted a hut—of brown stone—a few railroad shares—cold victuals, like vanilla-ice:

'One good-sized diamond in a pin, Some, not so turge, in rings.'

By this time the horses were again en route, and Brummell Pomeroy—who, of all men on earth, had the finest art of sponging the good things of this life—lolled luxuriously back support herself and keep their rooms; so the against the satin cushion, and chatted gayly with his beautiful companion; darting, at the could do was to give up her three music-scholand she and her two trunks were duly installed | carriage, and had quietly slipped over on to | haps, from any other. These are wonderful

the front seat, before he entered, giving him the place beside Miss Appleton.

Of course Brummell knew, from her not being introduced and from her taking the seat she did, that this was some humble companion of the lady's, whom, in her kindness, panion of the lady's, whom, in her kindness, and taken out to ride, but there was some she had taken out to ride; but there was some-thing strangely familiar about the little figure and its graceful movements, which aroused his

He made himself so extremely agreeable to Honoria that, before they reached the Tremont House, she had invited him to take tea with her—an invitation which he eagerly accepted—eagerly, for two reasons. The first reason was that he had some time ago made up his mind to bend all his powers to securing the heiress, and had chanced out in Cambridge for no other reason, but because he happened to see her carriage on the bridge; the other was that his curiosity about the little vailed figure in front of him was growing deeper every mo-

By what little slips is it that great secrets often come out! Mildred, sitting there, mute and trembling, with her blue vail pinned tight-ly over her plain hat, had, carelessly, in the heat of the afternoon, drawn off her gloves; the Garners? It was a strange freak for one so timid as she.

It was not jealousy which urged her; nor was it the hope of meeting Otis there. No! dred's wedding-ring!

Ha! This was a strange turn of affairs! Ha! This was a strange turn of analys!

The little creature had fled from him—hidden herself from his heartless pursuit—but, of all things, why in the house of her husband's cousin—the house of the Garners? It was a question which, with all his sagacity, Brumwell Represent could not answer.

mell Pomeroy could not answer.

Hence his eagerness to be asked to tea.

It was very kind of Miss Appleton to give him an opportunity of solving the mystery, and he meant to solve it before he left the house.

What if this poor girl, to whom he had betrayed his true character about he had betrayed his true character, should be the means of losing him the rich heiress?

He set his teeth at the thought of it. "I would murder her, sooner than that!" he

CHAPTER XI.

THE CASTLE BESIEGED.

"WHAT a pretty little girl that was with you in the carriage," remarked Mr. Pomeroy to Miss Appleton, over whose brilliant face fell the soft luster of a cluster of wax candles, which candles also illuminated the very charming and costly Japanese tea-set and the tempt-ting tea on the little table set for only two for, fortunately—or so Brummell thought—the maiden aunt had retired with a headache, there were no other visitors, and he was

tete-a-tete with the object of his affections (!) "Did you see her face?" asked Honoria, as she pinned back in its place the white rose which had dropped from her bosom. "She is such a timid little thing, I wonder that you got a glimpse of her through that blue vail. Yes, she is pretty, and modest and intelligent, too. I like her."

too. I like her."
"I know it is a piece of impertinence on my part, but, may I be impertinent, and ask what position she fills as a member of your household, Miss Appleton?"

"Ah, I see! You are slighted because you

were not introduced!" "I confess to a deep interest in pretty girls."
"Well, my little Milla is enough of a lady to be worthy of introduction to my friends. But it would not do. She is only a 'companion,' and the conversative would take offense."

"Perhaps you have some special reason for favoring her—perhaps she has a right to be recognized by society," said Pomeroy, keeping his sharp eyes fixed on the beautiful face oppo-

Honoria laughed girlishly, and her clear eyes

me, is, that I like her. I am lonely in this great house, and she is young, like myself, and good company for me. Little Milla applied for the honor of being my dressing-maid, when she had never performed any such service. thought I might as well break a butterfly to the wheel! But I took a fancy to her and so I made her a sort of companion. Sometimes she reads to me; once she mended a piece of lacebut the hardest part of her onerous duties is to

talk to me and amuse me. "Fortunate Milla! I would peril my life for the mere chance of obtaining her place, Miss Appleton! You are wasting your sweetness on desert air. Do, do, say that sometimes unworthy servant may aspire to take Milla's -may come and amuse you

He said this with such an affectation of deep earnestness that Honoria laughed again: 'You do amuse me," she said. "And I may come and talk to you some-

"Why you do, do you not?" "Yes, but oftener. I would like to make it the serious business of my life to amuse you," half-jestingly, and yet throwing so much ten-derness into his voice that she blushed and ousied herself with the little gold tongs in the sugar-bowl, as she answered him:

'I hope I shall not care so much for mere sement when I'm older. I mean to be useful in some way; ('Ay, to pay my bills!' thought Brummell) but I'm such a child, now, and it really is lonesome in this great house since —since—I lost—my dear uncle," the tears springing as ready as the blush—("and your cousin, too, perhaps," thought the man of the world who watched her).

Brummell was too wise to push his suit too rapidly; he knew that young heiresses are sometimes as shy as quail in June, and he had no wish to alarm this one; so he went on with the first subject.

Then you know nothing of the antecedents of this very interesting and much-to-be-envied companion of yours? You must be cautious, Miss Appleton, in whom you put confidence. "I am—very cautious," archly. "But no one need fear little Milla. She is innocence it-

"Has she never told you her history?"
Oh, yes, the most of it, I think. H ther was a clerk, and never got to anything beyond that. He was pretty well educated, and so was her mother. They lived very nicely, but economically, until he died; of course, the salary came to a sudden stop. All the ready money went in funeral expenses; the shock of his death made her mother ill; Milla, who was going to school and studying music, had to give up her lessons at twelve years of age. then she has learned nothing but what she has taught herself. She plays and sings very sweetly; but not at all scientifically. In March

same time, keen glances at the little person, who had quickly thrown her thick vail over her face when she first saw him approach the biography—from such lips—a little dull, per-

tea-cups, Miss Appleton; can you give me their history?" And—having changed the sub-ject after convincing himself that his compan-ion had no idea, thus far, of who this girl was -he proceeded to do his best to please, and entertain, and fascinate the smiling young beauty, the superb mistress of all this wealth whose evidences lay all about him in the costly appointments of the lofty room and the exquis-

But his thoughts wer- often distrait. He could not forget that the girl whom he had done his worst to injure, and who had fled from his persecutions, was an inmate of this house, and might very justly resolve to betray him, when she found he was a friend of Miss Appleton. Perhaps this very night she would tell her story to her kind mistress. He saw no way to prevent it. He beat his brains in a vain attempt to invent some way of communicating with Mildred, but could think of none that would be safe. He knew very well that she would keep out of his sight. He dare not attempt to bribe a servant to take her a note -he was too experienced in guile to compro mise himself in any such way as that. So that what should have been a most delightful evening was spoiled utterly for him. He took an early leave, immediately after which Honoria flew up stairs to her own room where Mildred sat doing a piece of embroidery, to confide to her companion that she had often heard her cousin Otis praise Mr. Pomeroy, and that he was a most delightful fellow, "and, oh, would you believe it, Milla, he actually almost made love to me!'

Milla looked gravely into the beautiful, flushed face.

I hope he never will come any near-

Why? What is the matter with you?" asked her young mistress, all the haughtiness of the Garner blood flashing into her face.

"I am sorry. It is not my place to receive impressions or to seek to benefit you by them,

if I do. I spoke too hastily."
"No, you did not!" cried Honoria, her sudden temper subsiding. "If you had an impression of this flattering gallant, let me hear t, please, little one. I am not so pleased with him as you think, though it is fun to listen to the nice things he has to say!-but I know cousin Otis admired him."

"I should say-if you will make me, Miss Appleton—that the gentleman who rode with us this afternoon is not a person of any principle. I should suspect, if he made love to you, that he was a fortune-hunter. And I should be afraid, if you married him, that he would

make you unhappy."

"Oh, mercy, child! How serious you are! You really make my blood run cold! But never mind, do not fret about me. I am in no danger of this terrible fate. My heart is algiven away, Milla, would you believe it? Given away, and broken, too! Think of that! Sometime if you and I get to be fast friends, I will tell you all about it—for it's hard to have no one to talk to when one's heart aches so, Milla. I could never tell any one but you. You are so sweet and so beguiling, it will come out, to you, some day.

She spoke quickly and gayly, yet the tears sprung to her eyes. Mildred saw them and her own heart began to beat wildly. Oh, what was this that this beautiful girl was going to tell her? That she, too, loved Otis Garner? and that he loved her? Could she bear to have this said to her—his wife—who worshiped "the least sound of his foot on the stairway"—the least word he had ever spoken to her, the least gift he had ever given her? Could she bear o live and feel that she was the obstacle between these two cousins who were so worthy of each other? Oh, how mean, and poor, and of each other? Oh, how mean, and poor, and humble she felt beside this dark proud girl, round here, like a cat in a strange garret? If who showered gold about her as the rose

showers dew! "But I cannot give him up to her; I am his wife: I cannot give him up while I live," moaned poor Mildred, silently. "There is but one thing I can do, that is, to die. Yes, I may be a suicide, yet; I, whom my mother tried to make a Christian girl." Rising, she said ' night" to her mistress, and retreated to her

own little room. Meantime, Brummell Pomeroy, restless and guilty, hung about the mansion he had so late-He felt as if he could not go without an interview with Mildred, or con triving to send her a message. Taking his pencil and note-book he paused by a street-lamp and wrote a note, which he tore out of his book. and then resumed his promenade up and down

The Garner mansion stood apart from its aristocratic fellows, in a haughty seclusion of its own, in the center of quite a plot of ground, so that there were windows on every side looking down on the north on a sheet of emerald velvet grass, and on the south on long, narrow beds of flowers. Brummell observed lights in two of the rooms on the second floor, on the south side of the house. While he passed and repassed, some one came to the wined and repassed, some one came to the window of the rear room; a shadow fell for a moment—he recognized it!

The envelope contained only a single sheet of note-paper, which Hallowell, unfolding, periods and repassed, some one came to the window of the rearrange ment-he recognized it!

"That is Mildred's bed-room," he said to himself.

Again and again he walked up and down: after a while the lights were out all over the house, except the one which always burned in He heard Shackles locking up, and going about to see that all the lower windows were fastened. The window to Mildred's room above remained open, for it was a warm night. The thoughtless girl had left the shutters open, also. Brummell watched until the policeman was at the furthest end of his beat, slipped into the yard, and along by the beds of flowers which were perfuming the night air, and threw into the window the note he had written, and which he had wrapped about some pebbles which he took from the flower-beds. He made sure that it had fallen inside, then slipped out, and away, to his hotel, before the watchman had completed his round.

Mildred was sitting in the dark by the window, still far too agitated to think of sleeping. The note fell directly into her lap. She gave a little smothered cry. Recovering herself she picked up the intruding object. There was light enough for her to see that it was a half sheet of note paper wrapped about something—and her first thought as ever was—Otis.

Perhaps Otis had seen her in this house and took this way of communicating with her. She never thought of the man who had sat opposite her in the carriage that afterno Drawing down the curtain she re-lighted the gas, and with trembling fingers and hurried pulses, smoothed out the crushed paper. This is what it contained:

"Your husband lives in Cambridge. He is preparing several boys for college, and lives very retired. It was to see him that I went out this afternoon. He inquired after you. Of course I could tell him nothing, as I then knew nothing. If you wish to see him, enough to risk a trip with me to C. to-morrow, be at the corner of the block in the afternoon at five o'clock, where I will meet you with a carriage, and take you to see him. You need not be afraid of me, as I have now a more serious suit to which I am devoting all my attention."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

THE REASON WHY.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

If all of this life was childhood,
And less of this life was sin,
It's likely with such innocence
So much good would enter in
That it wouldn't be any object;
To take any special pains
To try to get into heaven;
For where would be the gains?

And it's for the wisest purpose
That God has arranged His plan
So a babe will grow to a boy,
And a boy'll grow to a man;
And the man'll be sometimes thinking
Of the goodness of his youth,
And will always have a longing
To return to childish truth.

Silver Sam:

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA. CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LETTER. FROM the hole in the tree-trunk Hallowell drew a letter, and he looked with considerable astonishment upon the prize he had secured.

It was a plain yellow envelope, directed in a round, easily-deciphered hand, to "JABEZ Z. SMITH, Deadwood City.

A one-cent stamp was affixed to the envelope in one corner, thus plainly showing that it had been posted in Deadwood.

The stamp had not been canceled. Hallowell turned the letter over and over: it was securely sealed, and of course the inquisitive man-from-Maine's curiosity was completely baffled.

Montana had remained quietly by, apparently taking but little interest in the matter. Well, now, what do you think of this Hallowell exclaimed.

'You're too much for me, partner, I give it "Jabez Smith-Jabez Z. Smith! I don't know any Jabez Smith in Deadwood, though Smiths are so plenty in the town of a night that if a feller were to sling a cane in any di-rection from the door of the Big Horn saloon,

bout eight o'clock, he'd be apt to hit three Smiths, at least.' "Yes, but there may be a Jabez Smith in town, even if you have never heard of him,'

Montana suggested. "Oh, this is a trick of some kind!" Hallowell exclaimed. "Who ever heerd of a man with a Z in the middle of his name?"

"Zebulon—Zachariah!" "Oh, it's some sort of a gum-game now, and I'm jest going to open the letter

'You had better be careful; they'll have you up for tampering with the mail. 'Git eout! I guess a hole in a tree ain't a United States post-office, is it?" the big miner

"No, not exactly, but, if I were you, I'd put the letter back and let it alone You would?" asked Hallowell, doubtful

'Yes; it isn't for you, anyway, and Mr. J Z. Smith might be indignant if he found out that you had been opening his letters. Well, who in thunder is J. Z. Smith, any

way? and what right has he got to take one of our oak-trees for his post-office box?"

You're too much for me again. "I tell you, Montana, there's something wrong about this here hull b'iling!" Hallowell protested, earnestly. "In the first place, why this is all fair and above board why don't this here Smith go to the post-office for his letters, instead of having 'em stuck in a tree?"

"Perhaps Mr. Smith is a lady carrying on a love affair with Tim, and wants to keep the matter quiet," Montana suggested. "It would be just like a girl, you know; romantic to have

a post-office in a tree-trunk. 'Oh, humbug! What gal in creation would It ain't that, Montana; I tell you there's some thing crooked about this here hull business Darned if I don't open the letter!'

look at sich an ugly leetle cuss as that Tim? "I wouldn't!" Montana exclaimed, warn

Too late! I've bu'sted the consarn!" the big miner replied, holding up the fractured envelope. "I tell yer! thar's no squar' thing about this now, anyway you kin fix it! Thar's some gum-game 'bout it, and I'm going to git to the bottom of the hull matter. This here letter ought to be in the post-office by rights; you see the stamp ain't defaced; that leetle cuss has stole it out and thar's something

"Well, it's your funeral, old man; go ahead if you want to," Montana replied, in his care-

It was written in the same hand as the direction upon the envelope, a peculiar hand-writing, once seen not easily to be forgotten. The letter began abruptly without the usual

prefixes, and read as follows: prefixes, and read as follows:

"No danger, I think; the road agent business is a mystery at first sight, apparently, but capable of being explained satisfactorily, I think. I heard the Irishman's story; also the account of Lieutenant Perkins, who was in command of the troops that pursued the fellow until he got away in the darkness. What the fellow was after is a puzzle, but I don't believe he was after us. In regard to the two letters being taken, it's ten to one that Paddy lost them himself; and of course he would swear that he didn t until he was black in the face. We are all right, only we must be careful in our operations, and the moment the thing begins to get out, why, we must drop it like a red-hot potato. As for the road-agent, he'll come to grief pretty soon, sure, if he keeps on. Keep your eyes open, though, and notify me at once if anything happens."

And there the letter abruptly ended. Hallowell read it over to himself first, and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first, and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first, and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first, and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first, and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and then a grinning crowd surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the "old hellowell read it over to himself first," and the surrounded the surrounded the surrounded the surrounded the surrou aloud to Montana.

What's the matter?"

"Didn't I tell you that there was something crooked 'bout this letter?" Yes: but what does it all mean?"

"Well, now you have got me, for sure!" and the big miner gave a dubious shake of the head. 'Darn me! if I can make head nor tail of it, ept that this feller he's a-writing to are afeard that this here road-agent—he's the feller that tackled the stage in Bloody Gulch the other or himself. night, you remember?"

Montana nodded. "Well, they are afeard that the road-agent was arter them someway or somehow, 'tain't exactly clear to me."

Nor to me, either; but now, Lige, you'll have to answer to Mr. J. Z. Smith for opening his letter. I told you that you had better let

Jabez may go for you.

idee into my head someway that it was some | critter west of the Missouri! I jest drive mules "What are you going to do with the let-

'Put it back ag'in in the tree."

"You can write on it, 'Opened by mistake, E. Hallowell, Little Montana mine," Montana uggested.

'Oh, yes, and have Mister Jabez Smith lie in wait for me with a revolver some dark night, for fear that I would find out something about him. No, sir; it ain't my soup! But, I won-der who in thunder Jabez Smith is, and why he selected an oak on our claim for his post-

Montana shook his head; it was evident that he was unable to solve the riddle.

Hallowell put the letter back in the envelope moothed it out as well as he could and replaced

"There," he said, the operation finished,
"there, Mister J. Z. W. X. Y. Z. Smith—
there's your letter, and if you want to know who opened it all I've got to say is that these durned United States mails are allers doing something they hadn't oughter!"

Montana smiled and the two partners walked slowly away from the tree toward their shanty, which, when they reached, they en-

"By the way!" exclaimed the big miner, suddenly, after he and his companion had got comfortably seated; "I want you to do some thing for me. Montana.

Yes, what is it?' "I want you to gin me your signature and a line of poetry to it, so that, one of these days, arter l've made my 'tarnal fortune, and gone East to make my old neighbors swell and bu'st with wonder and envy, I kin look at it and remember the old days way out in the Western

wilderness where the b'ar growls and the eagle "All right; any particular line of poetry which you prefer?" Montana asked. Hallowell produced his memorandum-book

and Montana took his pen in hand. "Well, let me see, 'Root hog or die,' no, that's a leetle too strong. 'Meet me on the four square,' no, that's good for California, but too highly flavored, anyway. 'U we stand, divided we fall '-how's that?" 'United

"Oh, anything you please, but if you want it as a sort of remembrance suppose I write, Should old acquaintance be forgot!" "Splendid! that's the ticket for soup!" cried

the big miner, enthusiastically. "That will 'Should old acquaintance be forgot!' That's bully!" All right."

And then, in peculiar, odd, back-hand writing, Montana transcribed the sentence upon the blank page of the memorandum-book and unath it signed his name "'William Jones,' and that is your real

name, eh?" said Hallowell. "Of course," replied Montana, with a smile.

CHAPTER XXVII. A NOVEL DEVICE.

ONCE again the shade of night had descended upon Deadwood's lively town.

Once again the clink of glasses and the loud um of conversation resounded on the still air of the night from every drinking-saloon within the boundaries of the Black Hills metrop-

The toils of the day over, from every gulch within easy walking distance, the hard-handed miners had flocked into the "city;" some to purchase provisions, others intent only upon spree and a good time generally, and the majority to hear the news and speculate upon the good or evil fortune that had attended their

Mining is but a game with fortune, and in nine cases out of ten the fickle jade is the win-

About eight o'clock in the evening the two proprietors of the Little Montana mine arrived

up to town to replenish. The twain halted in front of Deacon Black's

"I reckon I'll go on up to the Big Horn saloon," Hallowell said, "and hear what's going When you git through here, come on up.

So Montana entered the store, while Hallo-

well continued on up the street. Leaving Mr. William Jones, as he persisted in calling himself, to make his purchases, we will follow in the footsteps of Hallowell.

"Big Lige," as he was generally called, was about as well known as any inhabitant of the district, and as he was frequently ac costed on the way he was at least ten minutes in going from Black's store to the Big Horn shanty; he finally arrived there, acco by four or five acquaintances who had joined

him on the way. As they approached the saloon, from it came the sound of a loud, hoarse voice, interrupted

now and then by bursts of laughter. "Hallo! what's up?" Hallowell exclaimed, rather astonished by the unusual noise. "Some pilgrim on a tare, I reckon," one of

the party remarked. But, with the entrance of Hallowell and his friends into the saloon, a dead silence fell upon the throng within. So sudden was the change that the entering party knew at once

that their presence had occasioned it.

Standing with his back to the bar, but leaning against it and resting his big elbows on the counter, was the brawny bullwhacker who had so proudly proclaimed that he was own cousin to the engineer of the Per-a-rie Belle, Jim Bludsoe, famed in verse as the doughty hero, who "wa'n't no saint," but when the biler bu'st as she cl'ared the bar and burnt a hole in the night," resolutely declared "he'd hold her nozzle ag'in the bank till the last ga-

whacker was fond of terming himself, and "Gosh!" exclaimed Hallowell, in utter from their faces it was plain that the big stranger had been affording them considerable

Hallowell recognized Bludsoe at once as the party who had insisted upon dragging Montana into a quarrel, and who had been so cleverly worsted by that skillful gentleman, and understood, from the sudden silence that had fallen upon the group, that the loud conversation, which his entrance had evidently interrupted, had reference either to Montana

"Wa-al, may I be kicked to death by my own lead mule!" Mr. Bludsoe exclaimed, "ef thar ain't one of the Little Montana chaps now! How air ye, stranger? Will you h'ist some a pole-cat!" pizen? Name your hog-juice.

just going to drink with some of my friends Big Lige replied, coldly. He did not Niobrara, indignantly. admire the manner of the other.

"Oh, he can go to thunder!" growled Hallowell, defiantly. "I guess I ain't hurt his old letter much; but, I swow! I kinder got the lookers again the more paying mines than any other two-legged crowd roared with laughter."

"Not if he throws eggs," suggested one of the lookers-on, gravely, and then again the crowd roared with laughter.

fur fun, I do! I ain't obligated to get my hash that way! An' my face is good, too. Nary a whisky-juggler from hyer to Cheyenne but knows the Pet of the Niobrara! that's me. boys. Say, Dick!" and the mule-driver addressed the barkeeper, behind the counter, who was enjoying the fun. "My face is good hyer for fifty dollars, ain't it?"

'Yes, if you put the money up first," the urbane Richard replied, with a wink at the

crowd. "I tole yer so; set 'em up, Dicky, my boy water fur the crowd! and rub my tumbler ag'in the whisky-bottle!"

The crowd snickered at this bold invitation and the bullwhacker again addressed his re marks to Hallowell.

"Say, you Little Montana cha; whar's that pard of your'n? I want to see him. I reckon that I was a leetle p'isoned when he socked me into the solid airth t'other night. 'I'll bet you five dollars he can do it again!

exclaimed Hallowell, promptly.
"Pilgrim! I would scorn to rob you of your money!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, with great dig-

The crowd roared incredulously at this as

"No, sir-ee! I never pick a man up on a sure thing: 'tain't in me to salivate a pilgrim

"What have you got against my partner that you are so mighty anxious to quarrel with him?" Hallowell demanded, rather sharp-

"Nothing in the world, stranger, 'cept that when I see a chap a-kinder holdin' up his nose like as if he thought that he was better than any one else, I like to take him down a peg or

two; kinder cut his comb, like!"
"I reckon that the man don't stand in your boots that will cut Montana's comb!" Big Lige

exclaimed, warmly. "Now, you're bettin' on what he did t'other night! Why, I was jes' a-playin' with him then! I'm chock full of fun, I am! More fun in me than any bob-tailed clam you ever see'd, but I don't 'low any two-legged critter on top of this hyer airth to trip up my heels and plow my head an' shoulders into the solid airth fur nothin', an' Mister Montana has jes' got to step up to the captain's office and settle the furst time I set my two eyes on him!" cried Blud-

soe, defiantly.
"Montana's down to the post-office now," said one of Hallowell's friends, itching with a desire for fun

'He's the mutton I love!" shouted the bull-"Come along, boys, ef you want to see fun. I'm on the war-path, I am! ba-

And out from the saloon the giant hurried.

the rest following after, to the great disgust of the barkeeper, loath to lose customers. Down the street to the post-office the gang proceeded, and marched into the store, to the great astonishment of the deacon, who was

ot used to such irruptions. Montana was at the further end of the place. eaning against the counter, examining a bowlful of eggs of whose worth for culinary pur-

poses he had some doubts. Naturally he looked up as the little crowd came tramping into the store like a drove of wild horses, and at the first glance both recognized the bull-whacker, and suspected his er-

'Cock-a-doodle-do!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, patting his hands against his sides, and imitating the crowing of a rooster, "I'm the game-cock of Santa Fe! Baa-a-a! that's me, the old he-

ram of the Big Horn mountain range 'Deacon, these eggs are about all spoiled, I reckon," Montana remarked, never paying the slightest attention to the antics of the bullwhacker, who was cavorting almost in the center of the store, while the grinning crowd

filled the fore part of the place by the door. The deacon was too much occupied in staring at the drunken madman, as he naturally supposed the pugnacious Mr. Bludsoe to be, to Supplies had run short and the two had pay any attention to the peaceful demands of

look at me!" Bludsoe howled. Oh, 'I'm the Pet of the Niobrara—the boss bullwhacker of Shian! When I take the war-path, men squeal an' run. I'm yer meat, you longhaired, white-faced Injun, you-"

And just then Mr. Bludsoe paused, suddenly interrupted in his speech. Montana had seized an egg from the bowl and shied it at him. Full in the mouth the bully got it, and the ancient shell exploding from the confined gases, filled the mouth of the bullwhacker with a most unsavory compound.

CHAPTER XXVIII,

THE MAN BEHIND.

A SECOND egg followed the first, and this cook the braggart right between the eyes, filling both of his organs of sight with the dis-

agreeable mess A third egg succeeded the second, taking effect on Bludsoe's temple, and a fourth missile missing the head of the bullwhacker, struck against the door and spattered its not very

veet smelling contents over the crowd. The miners, roaring with laughter at the novel assault, beat a quick retreat into the of this fellow without using weapons. Look street when they found that they were likely to receive some of the Chinese-like fire.

The stinkpots of the Mongolian, so renowned in history, were fully equaled by the deacon's home Spluttering, cursing, and almost suffocated

by the nasty, sticky stuff, the half-blinded giant managed to find his way out into the Some of the crowd had been so completely overcome by the peculiar and unexpected de-

feat of the bully, that after gaining the open air they had sat down the better to laugh. Naturally the racket had attracted the attention of all the passers-by, and soon quite a crowd gathered around the door of the post-one back of him."

office, curious to learn the reason of the dis-One and all, though, kept at a safe distance from the giant, for the perfume which now

from "Araby the blessed! Skin me fur a lariat!" spluttered the bullwhacker, "ef I ever fit with such a man before. Talk of a skunk! I'd rather fite a dozen!

And then the crowd roared again. "What sort of a cussed town do you call this hyer, anyway, whar a man fites with rotten eggs?" and then the vanquished hero spit out another bit of the egg-shell, and wiped some more of the nasty compound from his noble "I ain't afeared of any six men from hyer to Shian, but cuss me ef I'm open to fite

"Oh, you were fairly whipped, old man!"

"I'm very much obliged to you, but I'm cried one of the bystanders.
"I'm very much obliged to you, but I'm cried one of the bystanders.
"I ain't, nuther!" protested the Pet of the "I'm good for four-

"Oh, you kin all hee-haw!" cried the boss bullwhacker, disgusted at the unseemly mirth, "but I'll straighten this hyer thing out afore Montana gets out of this town to-night-jes' as soon as I wash this durned stuff off! Dog-gone my cat's tail! ef I don't smell wuss nor a pole-

And then the bullwhacker started up the treet on a run, intent upon soap and water. After the giant's departure the crowd talked the matter over for a while, and one and all conounced it the richest joke of the season Montana's appearance from the store changed

the current of the conversation. "Better look out for yourself, old man!" was miner's warning. Montana's keen eyes had been on the alert and he had noticed the disappearance of the

What's the matter?"

"That cuss sw'ars he's goin' to have it out with you!" said Hallowell. "Oh, well, I'm ready to throw eggs with him

any time," Montana replied, and again the "But where is he?" 'Gone to get some cologne," was the an-

wer, followed by an uproarious burst of laugh-No better joke than this novel discomfiture of a braggart had Deadwood ever enjoyed. "Oh, he's chockful of fight! he'll je

cree yer when he comes back!" one of the miners declared, and then he haw-hawed right The "boys" had got the idea into their

heads that the old he-ram of the Big Horn mountain range was a fraud, to use the verna-"Well, then, Hallowell, we had better get out," Montana suggested, in his quiet way, much to the amazement of the bystanders who

didn't relish this prospective back-out on the part of the miner. 'The fellow is coming back," Big Lige said, in remonstrance. "Thunder! you ought to

stay and fight it out!" "Well, I don't think that I shall stay here to wait his pleasure," Montana retorted, decidedly. "I'm not going to be forced into a quarrel by every bully who chooses. saulted I will defend myself, but I'll neither seek a quarrel nor wait for one." And then Montana strode away, his arms full of small packages - the groceries which he had pur-

"Your partner's a durned queer fellow!" said one of the crowd to Hallowell, a little annoyed to be thus cheated out of some fun by the withdrawal of Montana from the scene of action.

"Yas, he's an odd genius; you can't drive him much," Lige replied; and then, bidding his friends adieu for a short time, he followed

The hero of the egg exploit had not taken the road toward the West Gulch, but had gone up the street to the Big Horn saloon where Hallowell found him. Montana was just intrusting the groceries to

the care of the barkeeper when Hallowell entered. Short as was the time since the affray had occurred the urbane Dick had heard all about

it, and was chuckling over the fun. But, he's a bad man," he said, confidently, to Montana, "and you'll jest have to keep your eyes open. He's heeled (armed) too; got a couple of revolvers and an eight-inch bowie. I see'd him try the caps on 'em to-night." And then the kind-hearted Dick leaned over the counter and whispered in the ear of Montana How air ye fixed? air ye heeled all right? cos if you ain't, I've got as pretty a pair of pop-guns hyer as thar is in the territory. English make, hair triggers, and carry a power ful big ball; they ain't very large nuther; jest the right kind of tools for a gentl'man to handle. I'll lend them to you if you like. You

ought to put a hole through that big fraud and let out some of the gas!" "Oh, I guess I won't need them, thanking you all the same," Montana replied, compos

edly. "Yes, you will!" Dick insisted. "I know that felthat it ain't any of my business, but that feller has got it in for you; he'll jump you, first thing you know! It would be jes' tempting Providence fur to let that cuss go for you and you without nary we'pon.'

'What makes you think that he means to ump me?" asked Montana. Why, I heered him say as much to-night; he's got a bet of ten or twenty dollars-I didn't hear exactly which—that he'll whip you afore he gets out of this town.

Well, I don't understand that," Montana observed, a peculiar expression upon his face. 'Neither do I, but it's a sure-enough fact!" "I'm much obliged to you for your warn-"Oh, that's all right," Dick replied, magnanimously. "I ain't a-goin' to see one of the

boys of the town corraled by any bullwhacker from Shian if I know myself. But, you had better take these little beauties," and Dick produced the nickel-plated revolvers from their hiding-place underneath the bar and pressed them upon the miner.

awhile and I was afraid that the deacon's place would be closed up before I got ready to go "All right, but jes' you keep your eyes open; that feller is a bad man!" And then the goodnatured host of the Big Horn turned his attention to some customers who were rapping for

out for the bundles. I want to go 'round town

liquid refreshments at the lower end of the "I reckon that I will have to fight this fel-Montana observed, "no matter how much I may try to keep out of it. It puzzles me why the man should pick me out to quar-

one back of him." "Who do you think is putting him up to it?" Hallowell asked, totally unable to guess the

'To find that out would take some guess surrounded him was like anything but airs ing," was Montana's rather evasive answer, for he really fancied that he knew well enough who it was that egged the rough giant on to attack him. Mortimer Campbell, ex-hog-butcher and present Member of Congress, wanted the control of the Little Montana mine, and to gain his ends Mort Campbell never hesitated

in regard to the means. "Going to the club-room?" asked Hallowell. Montana nodded.

And then up on the night rose the hoarse rell of the boss bullwhacker of Shian. Trouble was at hand! (To be continued - commenced in No. 362.)

An article entitled, "Where the Driver Should Sit," is now going the rounds. Given teen men like this hyer galoot!"

a Portland cutter, a cold moonlight evening,
"Not if he throws eggs," suggested one of blooming little widow, we think there can be no question as to where the driver would sit.

IN THE SHADOW.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

I sit in the somber shadows
Of the dimly-lighted room;
Without the rain is falling,
And the night is full of gloom;
I've sought in vain to quiet
This flercely-throbbing pain
That beats like the fall of rain-drops
Within my tired brain.

The firelight wanes, and the shadows
Grow ghostly and weird within,
And my tired heart is heavy
With its burden of grief and sin.
Oh, love! From the past's deep blackness
No gleams of sunlight come,
And I yearn in vain for tender words
From lips that are cold and dumb.

Oh! would that the words of coldness
That severed love's mystic chain
Had been unsaid, that my heart might know
No more of grief and pain!
For, oh! the hitter memories
That come with the shadows cold,
And my heart's deep, hidden chambers
In their somber shades infold!

I've gathered every token
Of the radiant "long ago,"
But the breath of faded roses
Brings but a throb of wee;
And the white-winged words of tenderness
That came in the olden time

Bring never a peace or quiet, But ring with a maddening chime. So I turn in bitter anguish
From the sweet, familiar name,
While the scalding tears are dropping
Like the fall of autumn rain.
Without the storm beats flercer;
The shadows denser grow;
And the dismal wind is sweeping
Like the whisperings of weet

And still in the fitful firelight

I gaze with tearful eyes,
While the sound of rain-drops falling
From the night's dull, leaden skies
Seems but the sorrowful echo
Of a voice that is lost for aye,
With the gilded dreams that brightened
Life's sad and dreary way!

And I know that never a morrow
Of peace and hope will dawn
To a heart so full of wretchedness
And so utterly forlorn;
For from the past's dim portals
Grim, haunting phantoms rise,
And my soul within the shadow
Of unbroken darkness lies.

The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS

BY GRACE MORTIMER. CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. MARCUS GAYLURE, sick at heart at the tottering of all his well-laid schemes, had hurried to New York after his escaped ward in the next train, but was so unfortunate as to miss her, and, in spite of his most earnest endeavors, to be unable to find her again, so that at the end of a couple of days which were equally costly (owing to the rapacity of the detectives he employed) and irritating (owing to their fruitlessness) he returned to the bosom of his family in no frame of mind to hear the astounding news that Adalgisa had eloped with Griffith Thetford twenty-four hours previously.

Mrs. Gaylure, a ci-devant beauty and a shrewd manager, looked considerably mystified when, having trickled out her news with no very anguished mien, (for, after all, wasn't Thetford Baron of Warren-Guilderland') her lord first stared as if he were struck stupid, then whitened TOO SHARP BY HALF.

Baron of Warren-Guilderland? her lord first stared as if he were struck stupid, then whitened dreadfully and flew into a frenzy, whether of rage, fear, remorse or madness it was difficult to guess, but such as Laura Gaylure had never before witnessed in him, (or for that matter in anybody else) during the forty-seven years of her checkered existence.

"Good heavens, Mark! what ails you?" she faltered, in dismay, feeling an abject inclination to slink behind the minute but plucky Crystal, who was present in the capacity of shocked and scorning Virtue; "one would think the boy was a leper, or—or—" and she turned pale, "or an impostor, after all your representations! Speak, man, what's so terrible about this matter?"

tations! Speak, man, what's so terrible about this matter?"

"A leper! an impostor! Would God he were only that!" groaned the wretched father, whose very heart-blood curdled at the thought of his child's marriage to a murderer; and throwing himself into a chair he buried his face in his hands, and crouched forward with his head between his knees, utterly crushed by the appalling rebound of the mischief he had planned upon his own head.

The mother and daughter took swift counsel of each other's wondering looks, and the daughter, whose scorn was more affected than she could have wished (for she had never expected or intended her obnoxious elder sister, so lovely and such a blockhead, to run off with fifteen or twenty thousand pounds a year, in revenge for her little sisterly stab anent the stately German, after whom Adalgisa had been breaking her elegant white neck); the daughter, I say, whose scorn was more than half-assumed to cover a raging, ramping envy, felt the small, cold, flinty organ she called her heart swell with the sweet hope that "dear 'Gisa." had made a fatal blunder instead of a daring, dazzling success.

"If you had explained this miserable matter right through to us," remarked she, with spiteful lucidity, "we should have known what we were all about, but you chose to confide only half your scheme, so—of course. You men seem to imagine that all women are irrational gables, incapable of comprehending common-sense, so

to imagine that all women are irrational gabies, incapable of comprehending common-sense, so you treat us to half-confidences and clumsy sub-

you treat us to half-confidences and clumsy subterfuges; when you find yourself outwitted it
serves you right I say, it serves you right?"

"Hush—hush, my dear?" exclaimed her mother, disconcerted at the stinging candor of her
vixenish child, "your father knows his own affairs best, of course, and, anyway, this is not
the time to reproach him; don't you see that he
is seriously distressed? My dear Mark, is it then
so very important that Griffith should have married Cora?"

"Important!" echoed Gaylure, sitting up with

"Important!" echoed Gaylure, sitting up with bloodshot eyes and wild, haggard aspect, "my God, woman, our girl has married a—" he stopped, choking, his hands thrust convulsively among his well-preserved locks, which he tors in evident despair.

"A what?" cried Mrs. Gaylure, in dismay.

"A what?" cried Mrs. Gaylure, in dismay.
"A what?" echoed Crystal, in breathless sus-

He sprung up with an inarticulate cry, more like the shriek of a woman in pain than a word, and staggered across the room as if he vainly sought a spot upon which he might stand free of agonizing torture.

His wife gazed aghast for a minute, Crystal peered after him with the glimmering of a wicked exultation dawning on her wizen face; then Mrs. Gaylure ran to him, and with wifely entreaties and cajoleries besought him to rethen Mrs. Gaylure ran to him, and with wifely entreaties and cajoleries besought him to recover himself, to sit down, and above all to explain. He sat down mechanically, and after a terrible struggle for self-possession, during which he had to recall the most cherished secret ambitions of his crooked policy, he made an attempt to bend his back to the hideous burden, which an avenging justice had dropped upon him, and to stagger onward with decent steadiness.

any minute, "it is the shattering of the finest enterprise of my life, that's all. Good heaven—"he checked himself again, wrenching his mind off the horrible crime which was to read and the horrible crime which was to me sellation form as swinging on the simulation of the horrible crime which was to me sellation form as swinging on the suppose. When did it happen!"

"I believe they went away late evening early though we never discovered it until this most independent of the property of the same information, and the property of the same information, and the property of the same information of the property of the same information, and the property of the same information, and the property of the same information of the property of the play! And now is suppose and property of the play! And now is supposed to the play and property of the play is the pla

horror.

"Pry into this matter," said he, slowly, and bending forward to pierce her very soul with his glare, "and with my own hand I swear I'll choke you as I'd choke a reptile! As for you, woman," he added, grimly, to his panic-smitten wife, "see that your imp there obeys me, and be you deaf, dumb and blind to all connected with the Warren-Guilderland scheme, from this hour. It was a noble scheme, it would have been a source of princely income to me as long as I lived, had it succeeded, but our daughter, our ever indulged and idolized daughter, chose to betray her poor, unsuspicious father in the supposition that she was feathering her own nest, and now nothing but ruin, nothing but ruin!" And, with an abrupt and alarming leap from fury to grief, he crouched down again, his whole figure convulsed, shaken by rending sobs; which unprecedented spectacle subdued his quaking wife to the unquestioning fidelity and sympathy of a dog, and inflamed Crystal's curiosity to a maddening pitch.

And there and then, despite her father's frenzied commands and threats, she vowed by all her wits, that, come what might, the cause of consternation on account of Adalgisa's runaway match should be her property sooner or later.

Mr. Gaylure had made up his mind, too, that

Mr. Gaylure had made up his mind, too, that he would have nothing more to do with Warren Guilderland.

he would have nothing more to do with Warren Guilderland.

Every sinner has his one spark of saintliness. Gaylure's chanced to be a devoted and yearning love for his beautiful eldest daughter. Those who only knew the sharp lawyer in his office would have laughed incredulously could they have read the emotions of his heart toward Adalgisa; his exultant pride in her loveliness and popularity, his craving for her love, his sleepless anxiety on the subject of her future welfare. He never plunged his wistful gaze into the depths of her broad, slumberous, superb brown orbs without feeling a sort of intoxication of delight; he never marked the regal sway and poise of her voluptuous figure without picturing to himself in rapture future scenes of glory in which it was to play the heroine's part. To secure her happiness, not only the outer superficial prosperity which most ambitious fathers covet for their daughters, but real hearthappiness, he would have been contented to sacrifice himself and every other soul belonging to him; and all the while he thought he had hidden this devotion so deep in his own wary soul that none, not even Adalgisa herself, suspected it. He undervalued the sharpness of his second daughter's intellect.

And his idol had linked her fortunes with

daughter's intellect.

daughter's intellect.

And his idol had linked her fortunes with those of a murderer!

The man sat down under the blow hopeless. He had nothing more to work for. Let things turn as they might, he was done with them.

Only he caught himself praying to God to let his darling die, rather than live in the contaminating companionship of the youth whom he had tempted to imbrue his hands in blood.

Adalgisa had struck while the iron was hot. She had been wise in her day and generation beyond the credence of her sneering younger sister. She had little faith in the fidelity of her betrothed should it be tried by time or by the return of Cora; she manipulated circumstances with those lazy, indolent, luxurious faculties of

for appearance sake off to Montreal and life al villegiatura for a week, the triumphant bride carried him back again to be forgiven by her parents, and to receive his fortune, which her father had held in trust so long, and for which the innocent boy had been fitting himself by a course of studies in the art of being a baron, under the tuition of various eminent tutors, and the regnant eye of Gaylure.

The happy pair received a curious welcome. The papa met them, accepted them in their new connection with a dull, passive civility that at first seemed natural enough in a man whose favorite daughter had carried off the prize of a wealthy baron in spite of his ostensible reluctance, until one marked the furtive anguish of the glance which pursued them everywhere, and the blighted, reckless, sullen pain and endurance of his demeanor.

The mamma was nervous, startled by every turn of her husband, uttering neither reproach nor congratulation, and apparently more alive to the conduct of her helpmate than to the interesting circumstances of her daughter.

And Crystal was preternaturally polite, noncommittal, and uttered not one mockery; nay, when Adalgisa's great, sleepy, resplendent orbs swept the countenance of her sister in sudden suspicious scrutiny, they were apt to catch upon it a raised excited glimmer, which her slow brain puzzled heavily over, wondering whether

swept the contemnate of her sister in statem suspicious scrutiny, they were apt to catch upon it a raised excited glimmer, which her slow brain puzzled heavily over, wondering whether it was the ray of malignant satisfaction—in which case the bride felt she had need to look narrowly to her so-called prosperity—or the smirk of spiteful envy, in which case all was well, and Adalgisa might vaunt her triumph to the top of her bent.

SEEING THE SIREN AS SHE IS. "THERE would have been more said over the marriage of my washerwoman's daughter," she cried, indignantly. "A pretty pass when an important matter like this is to be taken without

important matter like this is to be taken without a single word!"

"Ah!—what vexes you?" asked Griffith, liftness.

Above all, not to explain to these, his women;
for Crystal's biting reproach was deserved.
Marcus Gaylure had ever felt the profoundest contempt for feminine intelligence, and counted no scheme safe which was clear to woman's eye.

"Well, it can't be undone now," he said, hoarsely, but with a sullen sort of heroism, for by the look of him he might drop in a swoon

important matter like this is to be taken without a single word!"

"Ah!—what vexes you?" asked Griffith, liftnights face off the hand which had been supporting it in motionless, dreary reverie for the last hour or so, according to a "cheerful habit" of his, as his bride of ten days called it. Kool, infamously outwitted and left behind, the young runaways had just left him.

"Don't you see?" snapped she, pique lending her unusual animation; "nobody cares."

"All the better, since what's done can't be undone," returned the bridegroom in a gloomy voice.

with those lazy, indolent, luxurious faculties of hers, of which no one who knew her ever expected anything; and Griffith found himself, how he knew not, hurried by some invisible power into a marriage which had never entered into his head until the lady herself had put it there.

Amazed at her, himself, and fate generally, he saw, as in a dream, the interesting drama of elopement, marriage and honeymoon trip enacted with him for hero; and all the while the image of Cora Gaylure shone like the vision of some saint on high in his fevered consciousness, seeming to be by far the most real of all the apparitions which surrounded him.

Having snapped up the stupid little gudgeon in its guardian's absence, and dragged him for appearance sake off to Montreal and life al villegiatura for a week, the triumphant bride carried him back again to be forgiven by her ternally as she was beautiful externally? A woman whose beauty had assumed exaggerated value in her own sight, from constantly hearing it praised, and constantly seeing it the open sesame of every desirable door youth and pleasure can wish to pass, while the possessor of merely the beautiful mind is hustled to the background, and sternly held accountable for her every trip and slip? A woman with so little soul that the most cherished objects of her existence are to climb into warm nests, be treated with distinction, see the world at her feet, the men in homage, the women in envy; to have the means of bedizening that far too precious body of hers with the costly webs and the glittering stones which only hard cash can supply? A woman who can hear unmoved the denuncia-A woman who can hear unmoved the denuncia-tions of the man who has to walk life's path hand-in-hand with her to the end, can read his bitter contempt of her thousand and one spirit-ual deformities, and cares not a jot, as long as he can say nothing against her body's beauty, and does not deprive her of her physical luxu-

This was Adalgisa's nature: a woman of little brain-power, consequently of little heart, and handsome enough for all superficial fools to

orship.

And if she felt the blow of Griffith's unexpect ed outburst, it was not because that she had lost his respect; it was because the appalling sus-picion had entered her mind that Griffith had

"What do I care about his state of health?" said she; "he seems well enough."
"On the tenth of last month," said Kool, quietly, feeling however a certain repulsion from this radiant being who could scorn at the nearest interests of her youthful bridegroom, "you must have observed that my master was ill."
"What? Was that anything of consequence?" cried she, sitting up and forward with sudden undisguised interest; "I thought it was nothing but—but nonsense." She had been on the point of saying—"but love-sickness after Cora."
"On the tenth of every month, ever since I have known Griffith Thetford, Baron of Warren-Guilderland," said Kool, as quietly as before, "he has been similarly ill. Nothing can be done; he will always be so."
"But—what—I don't understand!" exclaimed she, in bewilderment, tinged with impatient disdain: "what is that to me? I mean if it is nothing dangerous?" she hastily added, seeing the angry rebuke of the faithful servant's expression; "is it his mind that is affected? Does he go mad?" and she turned pale, this time with personal alarm, for like most stupid and unimaginative people insanity only struck her as the frantic violence of the demon-possessed.

In a few curt terms Kool stated the facts, sparing her little, in his disgust at her selfish insensibility.

Adalgisa took the news with a burst of furious resentment that she had been "deluded by a

sparing her little, in his disgust at her seinsh insensibility.

Adalgisa took the news with a burst of furious resentment that she had been "deluded by a crazy man," as she bluntly put it; and for five minutes she poured out her baseness, and utter heartless indifference in the ear of the cold, attentive Kool, caring not one jot that he might possibly carry back all she said to his afflicted master. At the end of the harangue, Kool was quite ready to laugh over any calamity which Providence might send upon the lovely baroness. Quite ready, too, to take his poor, doomed, silly, sacrificed charge back to his heart—his heart which was vitrified in every corner save the little one which held Thetford.

When at length the lady swept like a stormwind up to her boudoir, the faithful man folded his arms, compressed his thin cold lips, and nod-ded bitterly at vacancy.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

to do utburst, it was not because that she had lost his respect; it was because that she had lost his fortune, or had never had it! possibly carry back all she said to his afflicted most in fortune, or had never had it! master. At the end of the harangue, Kool was more in the chilled blood had begun to circulate once more; "have I been mad?" she gasped, when the chilled blood had begun to circulate once more; "have I taken this fellow on trust, and is there in thing behind? Let me think; why was I so sure that he was the heir? I never saw any money to speak of with him, and he had only one servant; then what assured me that every had that as yet Griffith was a minor, and those to remain under his protection as a private gentleman, studying and improving himself until he was twenty-one; and father would never advance all the money he needed unless—oh, confound it! I've no head to puzzle it out, and I'vish I'd never seen the cub. I suppose there's no way but to ask Kool what he meant. Pleasant employment for the bride in her honey. I've there's no way but to ask Kool what he meant. Pleasant employment for the bride in her honey the there's no way but to ask Kool what he meant. Pleasant employment for the bride in her honey in moon, I'm sure! And that was why they all seemed so tremendously quiet about it! They there are so her wrath, to smooth her ruffled plumage, and to don a benignant aspect. She had like the contrived to steal away the boy from the custody of his lifelong guardian and watch-dog, Kool, and now that she was obliged to appeal to him for the important piece of information which her lord would not impart himself, it be howed her to try her best at conciliating him.

Kool had been in distraction at his master's desperate act; much as he had opposed his suit

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BY JOE JOT. JR.

I gently wended toward the school,
My father had me by the collar;
I thought the road to learning hard,
And didn't want to be a scholar;
I'd rather gathered Wisdom's lore
By sliding down the hill at Rudy's,
And skating held out far more fun
Than recreations they called studies.

I was installed into a seat.
I somehow didn't like the master;
He did not care a cent fer fun,
And fooling round would bring disaster.
How strange the faces looked in school,
Although familiarly I'd known them!
Restriction, like it did on me,
Had thrown a different look upon them.

My books with fly-leaves white and fair!
I far preferred them to the printed;
And if my books were fly-leaves all
My school days had been brighter tinted.
How nice to mark on, or tear out
And chew in wads to pelt the ceiling!
I liked the pictures, but the print
Failed to produce a similar feeling.

And how much better than a fence
Or house that blackboard was to mark on!
Animal figures I preferred,
Arithmetic's to me seemed jargon.
The desk—oh, what a thing to scratch!
Its edges—oh, how nice to whittle!
Ilonged to try my barlow knife,
But that day cut the desk but little.

The fellow in the seat before,
To punch him in the back how handy!
Or slyly stick him with a pin!
But that day I forbore, oh, Andy!
And we were not allowed to talk—
The very worst of aggravations;
If we had been constrained to keep
Our mouths shut at the recitations!

I wasn't used to sitting still I somehow felt away from home, My spirit not the least bit boisterous, And for that day at least I think You'd hardly say that I was roisterou

I thought the best thing in a school
Was recess—best for education;
And thought if school were one recess
'Twould better meet my approbation.
The lad betind poked fun at me;
I poked his nose, so aggravated;
The master spanked me on his knee,
And thus I was inaugurated.

But I remarkably progressed
As the short quarter wore on duly,
And learned to make myself at homeAnd got along just as unruly.
I think if switchings can be called
A part of early education,
I have a right to think myself
The smartest man in all creation.

Cavalry Custer, From West Point to the Big Horn;

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

THE officers with Custer were all old soldiers, The officers with Custer were all old soldiers, good riders and good shots, but they found it a very different job to what they expected, killing a buffalo. Only one of them succeeded in bagging his game. He was a cool old fellow who never fired till he was sure of his mark, and he took three shots before he finished his buffalo. Another fired away twelve shots out of two revolvers, and was ready to swear he hit his bull every time, but the old fellow lumbered away, and, as no blood was found, the captain was obliged to own up he might have missed every time, owing to his excitement. Another hit his buffalo fairly first shot, for he saw the blood spurt, but it was up in the neck, and the great spurt, but it was up in the neck, and the great brute turned on him so ferociously that he chased horse and rider off the field. All the rest had a good laugh at that officer, you may be sure, and he didn't get over it for a long time. Next chance he had he stuck to his buffalo till he killed him. It takes courage to hunt a bull buffalo, as well as to fight a battle. It's not as easy as it looks. By this time the herd had all dispersed, and the

By this time the herd had all dispersed, and the horsemen were at the banks of the stream, where they waited for the column to come up. As they did so up galloped the Delaware head trailer to Custer in great excitement.

"Look, General, look!" he cried, and pointed to the other side of the stream. It ran between high steep hapter, in the midst of a charming with

high steep banks, in the midst of a charming lit-tle green valley, covered with very long grass and bushes. There, on the other side, tied to a tree, were two Indian ponies, saddled and bri-dled.

The scout gave a long cry and waved his hand in the air, and up came the other scouts in a hurry, headed by Wild Bill. They had not been hunting, but attending to their business of trailing. They all saw what was the matter, and

over the river, Custer in their midst.

The scent was growing very hot now. The ponies tied to the trees were evidently Indian property, and they were both covered with sweat, not yet dry. Whoever owned them could not be far from them. A little way off were the ashes of a number of fires, and in one of them the embers were still smoking. The were the ashes of a number of fires, and i of them the embers were still smoking. Indians must have stopped for breakfast, not more than five hours before.

owned the ponies, and where were The Delaware soon solved that ques

He said that they must have belonged to two scouts who had been left behind to watch for pursuit, and that it was therefore plain that the Indians could not have been aware that they were followed, till the buffalo-hunters had near ly run into them. He said that the scouts were probably somewhere down the stream, looking for game for breakfast, and was confident that one of them was a great war-chief of the Cheyennes, called Roman Nose. "How do you know that, chief?" asked Cus-

The Delaware pointed to one of the ponies On the saddle hung a white buck-skin frock, every seam fringed with locks of human hair,

"That is the jacket of Roman Nose. I have seen him wear it many a time," he said in his own language to Wild Bill, who interpreted to

That was conclusive. The scent was struck. The question now was how to hurry up the wagons. Down they came, lumbering along to the banks of the stream, but it was a very different thing taking them across to going over with the cavalry alone. It was fully an hour before a place could be found where the wagons could cross, and all this time the scouts were hunting up and down the stream for Roman Nasa out his tring. ose and his friend. On the other side of the stream the trail looked just like a country road have to wait for these lumbering wagons, but they did not dare to abandon them, for fear other bands of Indians might be prowling watching for a chance to capture them.

At last the wagons were got over, and the purit was resumed at a sharp trot, the scouts Still the trail kept single and broad. It was plain that the tribe still thought itself out of danger. The sun began to sink lower and low-

danger. The sun began to sink lower and low-er, and at last, just as he was almost touching the horizon, a long line of dark timber in a green bottom showed that they had come to another All this time the officers and Custer had been ing the horizon in all directions, with great intentness. Every now and then they could see dark moving objects in the distance, which

everybody was ready to swear must be Indians. They could almost see the feathers.

But the Delaware chief only shook his head

Maybe so no Injun, General—only buff'lo." Yes, but out there," said Custer, "I can see the horses."
"Mustang," said the Delaware, briefly.

"Mustang," said the Delaware, briefly.

If an officer rode out and halted, turning a
telescope on the moving masses, it always turned
out the Indian was right. It was nothing but a
herd of buffalo or mustangs. So they went on
till they reached the stream, and evening at the
same time, when a halt was called.

The scouts the announced that they could not
collear the train any longer, that they must wait

The scouts then announced that they could not follow the trail any longer, that they must wait for daylight. The horses were all pretty well fagged out, for they had ridden all day long without halting. Moreover, the scouts told them that this stream was the last they would come to for twenty miles. It was clearly impossible, therefore, to push on. They must go into camp, rest and feed their horses, and make double haste in the morning. The wagon-teams especially needed rest and food. So they crossed the stream and went into camp, finding splendid grass and abundance of wood.

One thing they noticed here which showed

One thing they noticed here which showed that Roman Nose and his companion must have at least reached the tribe and given the alarm. There were no fires. The Indians had evidently pushed on in great haste.

Of course there were two sides to this business. If the Indians had the start, an advantage, it

Of course there were two sides to this business. If the Indians had the start, an advantage, it was also clear that they would have to push on all night, with tired horses, for at least twenty miles, without rest or water; and that the freshened strength of thier pursuers might enable them probably to catch up next day, if they went into camp at night. It was clear that, so far, they had outstripped the Indians. So they went into camp, setting a strong picket outside to watch, while the horses enjoyed themselves amazingly in the deep grass of

joyed themselves amazingly in the deep grass of the river bottom. Their course during the day had been due north from the place they had left, had been due north from the place they had lett, which was on the banks of the Arkansas River. They were now approaching the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas, a valley then traversed by a stage road, and through which the Kansas Pacific Railroad now runs. Since those days, only ten years ago now, there has been a great change there. In the solitary prairies, through which Custer then chased the roving Cheyennes, not an Indian is now to be seen, and the screaming locomotive dashes through the valleys, cuting locomotive dashes through the valleys, cut-ting the swells like a ship on the ocean, while great farms, where thousands of cattle roam over square miles of territory, occupy the old nunting grounds of Cheyenne and Arapahoe. Next morning, while the stars were still shin-

ing, the clear notes of the bugle rung out the "reveille." That means "Wake up!" A moment later out rolled the rollicking notes of the "stable call," to which the soldiers used to sing

Come to the stable, all you that are able, And rub down your horses, and give them some

For if you don't do it, the colonel shall know it,
And then you shall rue it, as sure as you're
born."

Every cavalry soldier knows that old song, so out tumbled the men of the Seventh, and went

to work with a will. to work with a will.

By the time the sun rose every horse had been carefully brushed down as clean as a new pin, and felt ready for a march, while the men were at breakfast. The scouts were already out, scattered over the plain, searching for the trail, and brought back bad news.

The trails heave to scatter again!

brought back bad news.

The trails began to scatter again!

The Delaware chief decided to follow the center one, guided by the marks of the lodge-poles, and the column started on. Very soon they discovered that the country had changed very much in character. Instead of rolling green grass and plenty of game there was a dry, flat plain, with scanty grass and quantities of low brambles. This plain was seamed with great cracks, sometimes ten or twenty feet deep, and opening out to six or eight feet wide. These cracks delayed the wagons very much, for they had to be taken round to the heads of the fissures before they could pass.

before they could pass.

The ground grew so hard that they could hardly see the trail even of the lodge-poles, and the further they went the more the trail scattered. Presently they saw a few black specks is the distriction of the longer than the further they went the more the trail scattered. in the distance, and coming up found them to be broken down ponies, abandoned as unable to

keep up.

This was encouraging. They pressed on at a trot. Presently they came on a bundle of lodge-poles on the ground, where it had been thrown off, then another, then another.

At last the lodge-pole trail ceased.

Now who was to find where were the warriors
ad where the women and children? The pony cracks became fewer every moment. Here one turned off, there another—one to the right, one to the left. Which was to be followed?

o the left. Which was to be followed?

To give you an idea of the perplexity, you nust imagine that every half mile or so a party of Indians broke off on each side, and as soon is they were out of sight, hid behind a swell of he prairie, whence they were now safely watching the column from each side, some far in the ear. The soldiers kept on, the Indians breaking off, so that by the time the column reached he Smoky Hill River Road, the last pony track and disappeared. had disappeared. So Custer had taken his next lesson in Indian

arfare—that soldiers can never catch Indians the Indians don't want it, or unless they are taken by surprise. It was clear now that he need chase them no longer. Of all the hundreds of tracks behind, who was to tell which was ing left to do was to march down the Smok Hill stage road, and warn the people that the Indians were up and going to fight everybody not in small parties, but the best they knew

That was the last Custer saw of the Cheyen that year. As he went down the stage-road he found they had been before him. Stations were where the wolves were seen feeding on their half-consumed bodies. Before the column reach-ed Fort Hays, the new terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, Custer had seen enough sick-ening sights to show that Indian warfare meant

At Fort Hays he halted to wait orders; and there he was joined by General Hancock, with the rest of the expedition. The General was pretty sulky about the escape of the Chey-ennes, but he thought he had made up for it by another move. The Cheyennes had gone off to the north, but on the south there were still the Kiowas and Arappeless, and with these the the Kiowas and Arapahoes; and with these the eneral had held a grand council. Here there came Lone Wolf and Satanta, the

first and second chiefs of the Kiowas, and Little Raven and Yellow Bear, first and second of the Arapahoes, besides minor chiefs. This council was held at Fort Dodge, in the south of Kansas, and no one ever knew such good boys as those Kiowas and Arapahoes. They wouldn't kill white men, like the Cheyennes, not a bit of it. They loved the white

wouldn't kill white men, like the Cheyennes, not a bit of it. They loved the white man and hated the Cheyennes. All they wanted was plenty of blankets and beef, and leave to say how much they hated the Cheyennes.

Satanta made such a pretty speech that General Hancock was delighted, so delighted that he insisted on giving the chief one of his own coats, with a major-general's shoulder-straps. Satanta took it, and cried for joy, and the council broke up, General Hancock going to Fort Hays. Just three weeks after, Satanta came down to Fort Dodge with all his men, killed a soldier, stole several horses, and rode up to the

down to Fort Dodge with all his men, killed a soldier, stole several horses, and rode up to the stockade dressed in the very coat Hancock had given him. So the poor old General was fooled once more by the scamps.

However, when he met Custer, the General did not know of his friend Satanta's doings. He only thought of the Cheyennes in the north. So he ordered Custer to take the whole of the Seventh Cavalry, three hundred and fifty men then, with twenty wagons, and start off to the

north-west, through Kansas into Nebraska, to his eyes lighted as she came forward and bowed

while Custer was preparing for this expedition, he had one or two adventures near Fort Hays, which we shall try to tell next week.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

Why He Didn't Succeed.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MR. WALLACE OMAR drew on his immaculate

MR. WALLACE OMAR drew on his immaculate lavender kids with a self-satisfied air, and then, preparatory to taking his little rattan cane, indulged in a lengthy, critical scrutiny of himself in the mirror of the dressing-case.

He saw a tall, well-formed young fellow, somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty; a face that not only Mr. Omar himself, but many young ladies thought very good-looking—that Jessamine Warren at present, and little gazelle-eyed Georgie May in a past not so very far back, had decided was a very handsome face, with the blue eyes that had a way of making the most commonplace utterances seem tenderly personal and confidential, and a mustached mouth that had taught little Georgie May, a few months back, what a lover's kisses were—that, although it had not yet met stately Miss Warren's lips, was in a very likely state to be so favored.

be so favored.

Altogether, a stylish, fine-looking man, from his closely-cut hair to his well-polished boots, and who, although he had not yet the power to make Miss Warren's heart throb very rebelliously, still was the most welcome and highly favored guest at the mansion on Madison avenue.

It had been a grand stroke of good fortune

It had been a grand stroke of good fortune—Mr. Omar's acquaintance and intimacy with the lovely heiress who held all her property in her own fair hands, and who was well known as being very gracious to her handsome, stylish lover, who drove his four-in-hand, and had his yacht, and boarded at the St. Agnes.

A rare streak of fortune, he had confessed, more times than one—as he told himself as he stood before his dressing-mirror that pleasant Spring afternoon; rarely good and lucky, because his extravagance had become such a fixed habit that his income had failed long ago to pay even a small portion of his expenses, and the Warren money would be very convenient not only to wipe out old scores, but to depend.

the Warren money would be very convenient not only to wipe out old scores, but to depend on for the future.

It would be just such a life as suited him, the life that would be his if he were Jessamine Warren's husband; and Jessamine Warren's husband he would be, or never was there a strug-

gle for success by any man with Fate.

Of course he loved her—any man with eyes, or sense, or a heart could not have helped it, such a magnificent, queenly girl as she was, with her cool, haughty carriage that made one think of a duchess, and her clear, calm beauty —pure, fair, quiet as a lake in windless summer weather.

Of course he loved her—but not as he had

Of course he loved her—but not as he had loved Georgie May, bright, piquant, sparkling little Georgie May, with her laughing black eyes and crimson cheeks, and dimpled chin.

She had been the one real, true love of his life, the one woman whose lightest touch, whose shyest glance had power to make every nerve tingle; the one only woman he had felt was mistress of his destiny, for whom he could do or dare or endure all things.

For six months they had been so happy—so marvelously happy, that the girl had felt, by some subtle instinct, that such happiness could not last; then, when her father died, and it was indisputably true that Georgie was henceforth obliged to work for her living—then, Wallace Omar walked deliberately away with not so much as a farewell kiss, or a word of explanation, leaving Georgie to think what she pleased, to do as she chose.

That had been a year ago; and now, the one grand object of his existence, was to have Jessamine Warren for his wife, and her money for his; and he was going to Madison avenue this lovely afternoon to lay his fate at her feet.

On Broadway he bought a boutonniere—violets, and a creamy rosebud, and a scarlet carnation, and went leisurely on, the very ideal of a gentleman of wealth and position, and plenty of spare time.

Went straight to Jessamine Warren—and Des-

of spare time.
Went straight to Jessamine Warren—and Des-

"Miss Nina, can you spare Ethel for a drive this afternoon? Ethel, I know Miss Nina will

It you go."

The school-room in the Warren mansion was a delightfully cheerful room, and Miss Jessamine Warren looked very delightful and cheery herself as she came in, her silk train gathered in one jeweled hand, and her gentle, womanly face all alight with affection and interest for the dainty little girl-sister whom she worshiped the dainty little girl-sister whom she worshiped with a love only second to their dead mother's. Nina looked up—a slender, fragile-looking girl, with dark eyes that held in their depths

such sad shadow that many a time Miss Warren had been tempted to ask the girl what her trou-bles were—that now seemed so painfully elo-quent, as if with some anguishful remembrance, that Jessamine laid her hand caressingly on her

"Nina, can't you let me help you? You been here three months as Ethel's friend and teacher, and your sweet, sad, patient eyes have worried me all the time. What is it, dear?" The girl turned her head away—the tears had fallen at sound of the tender sympathy in Miss

Warren's voice.
"Oh, Miss Jessamine—I can't trouble you—indeed you are very good, but I am so, so un-

happy!"
A diamond-ringed hand softly smoothed the waving brown hair.
"Dear child—you won't trouble me. Surely I, who have known so much suffering can sympathize, at least. Nina, child, is it a lover—was it a lover?"

The quivering lips suddenly compressed into a pitiful attempt at brave self-control.

Everything was so different once, Miss Warren, and although I am not envious, yet, when I see you wearing your handsome dresses, and

hear you give your orders, and know you drive out, it makes me feel it so keenly—all I had, and lost, in the days when I was so happy—with my lover, Miss Jessamine, the lover who deserted me when riches took wing."

Miss Warren's lips trembled—the girl's story was so said so simple too. was so sad, so simple, too.
"I would try not to mourn for any one who
was so false and cruel, dear! But, if you loved

Nina caught the words eagerly, passionately. "Loved him! Oh, Miss Jessamine, I loved him so I would have shared suffering and death

And can't you learn to look upon him as he deserves? Nina, you ought to congratulate yourself that you have escaped the fate of being such a wretch's wife! Poor—"

A loud rap on the door interrupted her, and

"Please, Miss Warren, Mr. Omar would like see you in the drawing-room." And Nina gave a little startled cry, and sprung to her feet in pale agony.
"Mr. Omar! Wallace Omar! Oh, Miss Jes

Miss Warren was scarcely less agitated herself, as she took the words off the girl's tongue.

"Georgina—is it he? Was Wallace Omar our lover—the man who deserted you?" Georgina May saw a glitter in Miss Warren's

"It is the same—oh, Miss Jessamine!"
Miss Warren's clear, cold eyes looked steadily
hrough the window several minutes; then she postpone Ethel's drive till to-morrow

You'll be good, won't you, dear? Nina, I'm coming back to finish our little confidence di-She went down the grand staircase slowly, gracefully, and Mr. Omar heard the rustle of her silk train with a glad thrill of delight, and

and extended her hands so cordially, with such unusual warmth that the inspiration seized him

unusual warmth that the inspiration seized him to propose to her on the spot, and he did, in an earnest, eager way that he flattered himself was very acceptable to Miss Warren.

She smiled, and gave him a glance from her splendid eyes that encouraged him wastly.

"Mr. Omar, you flatter me altogether too much, and yet I cannot think I ought to say yes.

much, and yet I cannot think I ought to say yes. Are you sure you love me—are you sure you never loved any one else? Because I will not reign over a divided empire."

She was bewildering, fascinating beyond ordinary; and Omar's heart fairly bounded as he thought how near he was to the acme of his hopes and ambitions.

"Jessamine! as if there could be room in a man's thoughts for any one but you! I love you with all my heart, and until I knew you I never knew what love meant. You have taught me, dearest, and I will learn of you all my life if you will let me!" will let me!"
She smiled, turned to the speaking-tube and

delivered a message in a low tone. Then she turned to him again, so brightly that he won-dered where her statuesque coldness had gone. "I have taken the privilege of sending for a "I have taken the privilege of sending for a lady friend for just one moment—what a lovely bouquet that is, Mr. Omar— Oh, yes, Georgina! come in. I want to jog Mr. Omar's memory by the sight of you, and ask him to repeat his assertion that he never loved before! Miss May, Mr. Omar! Georgina, he has asked me to marry him, and I want you to tell him I consider him one of the most despicable creatures on the face of God's earth—that there is not the ghost of a chance for him, matrimonially.

on the face of God's earth—that there is not the ghost of a chance for him, matrimonially, in this city, as I shall take excellent care that a little drama in his life shall be published. Don't cry, Georgina! Mr. Omar, good-by!" She rung the bell with the mien of an empress, and there was nothing for the crestfallen, mortified, disgusted man but to be shown courteously to the door by the man-servant. And Georgina May was comforted in after days, and both women forgot the false, fair face of Wallace Omar.

Stories of Chivalry. THE POISONED KISS

BY T C. HARBAUGH.

It was a dark hour for the gallants of France when the sun went down upon the twenty-sixth of August, A.D. 1346.

Crecy had been fought, and thirty thousand Frenchmen lay on the fatal field. The power of Philip had been broken, and the crest of John, his Bohemian ally, was in the possession of the Black Prince.

A few French nobles, by dint of hard riding escaped from the bloody melee. Among them was Philip de Avenal, or Philip the Red, as he was called, from the color of his long hair. He was no coward, as he had fought beside his king until victory had decided for the English Edward, and even then he would have remained beside the royal standard if His Majesty had beside the royal standard if His Majesty had not reminded him that the victor had already sworn to execute him, and urged him to fly for

Mounted on a princely steed of acknowledged blood and bottom, the French count galloped from the battlefield and rode through Abbeville (ten miles south of Crecy) without once drawing

The night was gathering about him. He lowered his vizor, for its iron bars seemed to burn his cheeks, and did not glance from the

At last he came to a spot from which a nar-row road branched obliquely to the right, and the horseman for the first time reined in his foam-

the horseman for the first time reined in his foaming charger.

He was twenty miles from Crecy.

As the road over which Red Philip had been riding led directly to his eastle, one would have supposed that it was his destination; but, instead of keeping in it, he turned aside, and left the castle on his left hand.

Moody, as if he had been brooding over some deep plan, no word escaped De Avenal's lips until he had turned from the well defined road, for the ground over which he was now riding seemed little better than a bridle-path.

"Constance must listen to me to-night," he muttered, with startling determination. "I have fought for Philip, not mainly because

there was a price set upon my head. Do I not know that Edward's hunters will follow when they find me not on the field? The English king they find me not on the field? The English king has not fergotten that I bore the beauty of his court away when I was in England. He gave orders concerning me before the battle opened. 'Kill not Philip de Avenal,' he said. 'A thousand guineas to the soldier who brings him a captive to the royal tent!' Ha! ha! King Edward, the bird is flying from the fowler's snare, and you must be more than human if you catch the man you want. Before dawn I will have won another triumph in love, or make the

ride from Crecy!"

The by-road soon became lost in a thorough which was crowned by one of those grand

stles now seldom seen in France.
"There is a light in the Admiral's Tower, where, if I am not mistaken, the lovely Constance has her boudoir," Philip the Red exclaimed, beholding the glimmer of light above him. "It is well that my lady has not retired, for I would not wish to disturb her with the terrible tidings that I bear."

He crossed the ponderous draw, and rode boldly up the hill, nor paused until he reached the spacious court. No retainers greeted him, but, as the hour was late and the place secluded, the fugitive noble did not take much note of

He dismounted, and the rattle of his spurs oon sounded in the lofty hall.

Then he saw the first servant, and the fellow's

face was white as ashes. He trembled before the mailed warrior, and would have fled, shriek-ing, if the gauntleted hand had not fallen rudeupon his shoulder.
'Lady Constance has not retired," the noble d. "Tell her that Philip de Avenal wants to

The flash of the speaker's eyes was enough to make the servant's teeth chatter; but the stut-tering fellow shrunk to the wall and gazed inredulously at the soldier "Aren't you going, fellow?" cried the impa-tient man, taking a menacing step toward the

Constance at this hour. Her husband—"
Philip the Red started back as if a rattlesnake had suddenly flung itself into his path.
"What!" he cried, "is the Lady Constance

"The Chevalier Burdount."
"A boy!" and De Avenal's lips closed madly behind the last word. "Go and tell her, inevertheless," he said a coment later. "Do not let her husband over-

"Go and tell her, mevertiered moment later. "Do not let her husband overhear you. Stay! take this ring. It is a pledge that I am here. If she should hesitate say that I am fresh from the great battle."

With the costly ring in his hand the servant darted away, and De Avenal began to pace the corridor with rapid strides.

His brows were knit in anger, a baleful light darted from his eyes, and ever and anon he would stop to clench his hands, and then re

would stop to clench his hands, and then resume his walk impulsively.

'Wedded to a boy!" he hissed. "The Lady Constance, whose grace, learning and beauty have been the theme of songs all over France, wedded to one beardless as a child! Is she mad?

you have made me a devilincarnate, and though you are his, I swear by my sword, that I will kiss you before I go!"

The last word had scarcely left his lips be-fore the lovely Constance de Clerry stood before

Magnificent and queenly—for she possessed the figure and loveliness of Juno—looked the wife of a fortnight, and the maddened soldier

wife of a fortnight, and the maddened soldier uttered a cry of admiration.

"Constance!" he cried, stepping rashly forward with ungloved hands outstretched, "we meet again. The day has gone against us, and France is prostrate at Edward's feet!"

Her face grew suddenly pale, for her father and brothers had undoubtedly taken part in the

and brothers had undoubtedly taken part in the conflict.

She staggered toward the wall, and perhaps might have swooned if the strong arms of Philip the Red had not quickly encircled her.

A moment later she started from him with offended dignity.

"Tell me of my father, and I will tell Burdount about the disgrace."

"Your kindred fought on the left. They were opposed to the Black Prince's bowmen. I fought near His Majesty, and consequently did not see them. I am a fugitive to-night; but I ask no shelter at your fair hands. Constance, I hear the name which in my blind adoration I have fondly hoped would never fall from your lips. My sword has been sheathed for the last time. The only thing for which I would draw again—your love—has turned against me. A price is your love—has turned against me. A price is set upon my head. Philip de Avenal is a hunted man, and you, Constance, have stigmatized the life that has flamed over courts and tour-

neys like a blazing star."
Lady Constance almost groaned, and covered her face with her hands. The fugitive's hand was quickly plunged be-neath his breastplate, and the chevalier's wife did not see the small metallic object which it

conveyed to his mouth.
"I must ride again!" De Avenal said, suddenly, as he started toward Constance.

There was a strange light in his eyes now.
"God's blessing go with you!" said the chevalier's wife. "Should you ultimately escape, send a message to the castle that we may rejoice." joice."
"That I will. But a kiss before I ride away, my Lady Constance."
"No, count," and the beautiful lady, whose face was quite pale, put out her hands implor-

ingly.
"In all my love I have never kissed you!" he "Do not make me false to my lord, the cheva-lier. Here, take this signet. It will prove a parting token, and, when far away, you will think of me."

But the impetuous fugitive from battle was not to be deterred from his fixed purpose by the woman's pleading. He sprung forward and seized her in his

"A kiss, and nothing less!" he cried, "Yield, my Constance, and let me go in peace." She was as a child in his arms, and with a

deep blush she closed her eyes and ceased to struggle. For a single moment the nobleman feasted his eyes upon the matchless beauty of the face that almost touched his lips, then he drew it upward and implanted a kiss upon the blushing

cheek!
A shiver passed over the wife's frame as his lips bestowed the kiss, and she opened her eyes with a start of sudden pain.

"Farewell!" he cried, with flendish joy, as he released fler, and she staggered back like one under the influence of wine.

"My Lady Constance, good-night. You are poisoned. I kill whee'er I kiss!"
She did not hear the last words, uttered in triumphant tones that would have done credit to

She did not hear the last words, uttered in triumphant tones that would have done credit to the King of Tophet. "One wild cry pealed from her throat, and at the foot of the stair, guarded by golden lions, she sunk pale and deadly. Philip the Red cast one look upon the motionless form, and bounded from the corridor.

He had not departed one moment too soon, for a figure darted down the steps, and stood beside the stricken countess.

It was the youthful chevalier, Burdount. A glance seemed to satisfy him that his beautiful wife was dead, and the sounds of hoofs on the draw told him that the murderer was flying

the draw told him that the murderer was flying from the scene of his crime.
"Not until I return with the blood of De Avenal on my sword?" he said to a servant, who had ventured to question him concerning the burial, and away he road in the night.

He looked like a boy, for he had not passed

his twenty-second year, his hands and hair were white, and golden like a girl's. His face, now darkened by vengeance, had lost that expression which had captured the heart of the unfortunate countess, and his eyes flashed like a maniac's orbs. He did not seem to think that De Avenal was

his superior in everything save greatness of heart. He was following the best swordsman in France—a Schamyl in the saddle—a very in France—a Schamyl in the saddle—a very Goliah in arms.

It was the thought of the wife lying dead in her wedding robes at the foot of the lion-guarded stair that urged the young chevalier on.

The constellations set; but young Burdount was still in the saddle.

He heard the sound of hoofs far in advance and knew that sword would soon meet sword In his haste he had not donned his polished armor, and did not seem to think that the man

whom he pursued wore armor tested on twenty The resplendent god of day was rising and throwing his golden light upon hill and valley when several servants, stationed upon a cas-tle's lofty towers, beheld a horseman approach-

The animal was jaded and seemed to walk with difficulty, while the rider appeared to be faint and unsteady in the saddle.

It soon became evident to the watchers that the horseman was wounded, and they hastened

to the court where they encountered him.

All at once there was a cry of horror, and the white-faced retainers lifted the man from The young Chevalier Burdount had returned to his castle covered with the most terrible wounds—in fact almost hacked to pieces. He could not speak, and was borne into the castle. A company of his men rode away to the unknown battlefield. A trail of blood led to the awful great.

Evidences of the most terrible combat were not wanting. Philip the Red lay on the field beside his horse. He bled from five and twenty wounds, and was quite dead.

The tiny instrument with which he had injected the subtle poison into Lady Constance's cheek was found in his bosom. His last kiss had sealed his own doom. The chevalier recovered from his wounds to fling his young life away in battle.

The first event of importance that happened in a Rochester household, after the introduction of blue glass, was twins.

Baldheaded men are so numerous in Chicago that an audience in that city is said to look, when viewed from above, like a cobblestone

Olive Logan sees in the Empress Victoria "the littering human apex of the most gorgeous ocial and political erection the world now A Kentucky editor remarks that ninety-nine

out of a hundred people make a great mistake, when they cut off a dog's tail, in throwing away the wrong end. "Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "How is that?" "Why, to

help me draw my beau.'

A story in one of the late English magazines is called "Owen, the Milkman." Rather a commonplace title; there are so many people Owin' the Milkman, you know.